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rench round corners, plain.

ARGE SCALE, front large round corners, moulding on plinth, carved lyre

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ARGE SCALE, front large round corners, LARGE MOULDINGS on rim, mo TOP, carved lyre and scroll desk.

LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, BEVELED TOP, mouldings on rim NGS ON PLINTH, Gothic or fluted legs, carved lyre and desk.

Same style as No. 5, with addition of CARVED LEGS.

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ES.

croll desk.
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on plinth,
SERPENTINE
Gothic legs,
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BRADBURY'S

GOLDEN CHA

OF

SABBATH SCHOOL MELOD

COMPRISING

A Great Variety of New Music and

COMPOSED AND WRITTEN

EXPRESSLY FOR THE SABBATH SCH

OGETHER WITH MANY OF THE BEST OF THE WELL KNOWN SABBATH

BY WM. B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF "THE JUBILEE," "ORIOLA," AND MANY OTHER MUS

NEW YORK:
IVISON, PHINNEY & COMPAN
CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & COMPANY.

1001

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Wm. B. Bradbury, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of New Jersey.

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PREFACE.

The design of this book is doubtless generally understood, viz., to furnish a pleasing variety of good NEW music and hymns composed and arranged expressly for the Sabbath School at a very moderate price.

The largest, most complete and perfect Hymn and Tune Book ever made for Sabbath Schools is doubtless the ORIOLA, a book that has now become the standard text-book of thousands of Sabbath Schools throughout the country. We do not pretend to compete with this popular work, nor do we ask those using it to lay it aside for a single day. We simply ask, 1st, that those who feel that *more* new and popular music would enliven and interest their school, try the GOLDEN CHAIN, and 2ndly, that those who feel that they *must have* a low priced book to commence with, try the GOLDEN CHAIN.

Of one thing we feel quite sure, viz., that all those who have used for any considerable time the ORIOLA will certainly call for the GOLDEN CHAIN, and also all who shall introduce the GOLDEN CHAIN as the first of these two books, will, whenever a more complete and extensive work is wanted, seek for the ORIOLA. Of the GOLDEN CHAIN we will only add that *for its size* we believe no work can be found to compete with it in variety and attractiveness, and in freshness and popularity of melody and words.

MOVEMENT OF THE MUSIC.—The effect of a stirring, popular piece of music, is often lost by a misconception of the movement intended for it by the author. To effectually avoid any such misconception, a very simple method has been adopted, by which the proper movement of each piece is exactly indicated, without the use of a Metronome. It will be observed that directions, partly in figures are given to the different pieces at their beginning, as "24—Two to the measure," &c, &c. The meaning of which is,

Take a string and attach a light weight to one end of it, and hold the other between the thumb and finger at a distance of *twenty-four inches*, from the fulcrum, (the thumb and finger). Set the weight in motion, oscillating, like the pendulum to the clock, and now these two vibrations mark the time of a measure of the music. This then is the explanation,—"string twenty-four inches long, two vibrations to the measure."

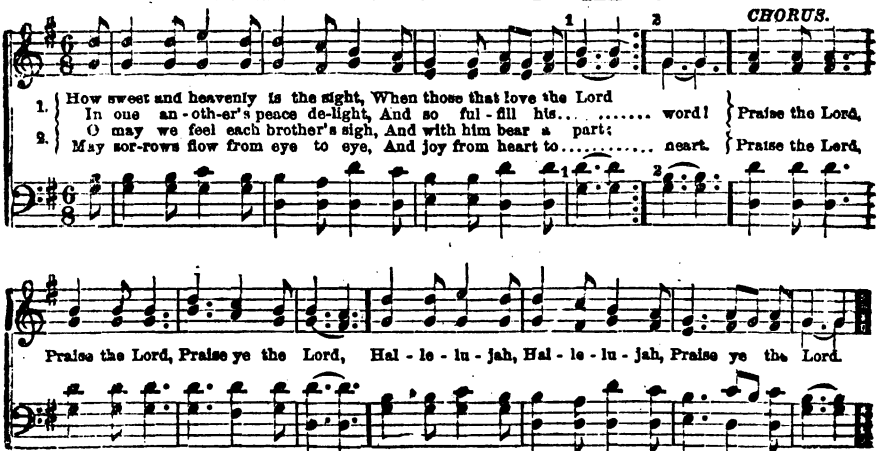
"20—One to each quarter note," &c, &c, means that you should hold the string, twenty inches from the weight, set it vibrating, and one vibration *to each quarter note* indicates the exact movement of that piece.

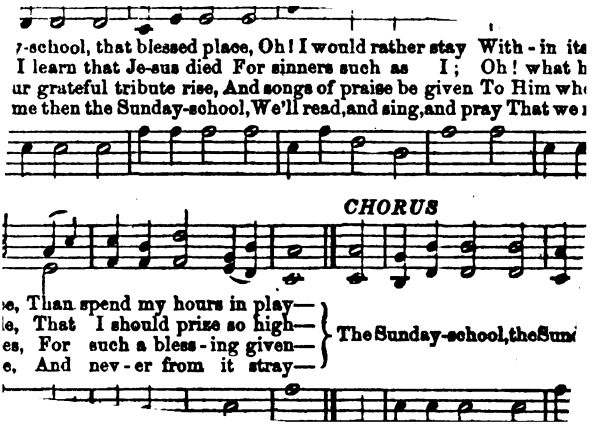
By this simple process, and without the necessity of a Metronome, the teachers or leaders of the singing can "learn" *the different pieces* at home, so that in taking them up with the children, he will not be under the necessity of guessing at the proper movement.

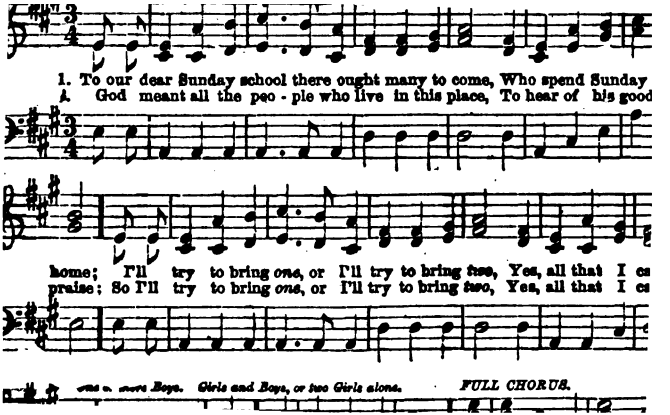
Hoping that the GOLDEN CHAIN *may prove* a blessing to many,—that every link may be found sound and of pure metal, and that *the whole may prove* strong enough to bind together in one harmonic band all the de of the household and Sabbath School, its author prayerfully sends it forth on its little mission of love, God speed it.

fringement upon the copyright, and any person so trespassing will be held accountable.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.




y-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rather stay With-in its
I learn that Je-sus died For sinners such as I; Oh! what h
ur grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him wh
me then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray That we
CHORUS
e, Than spend my hours in play—
le, That I should prize so high—
es, For such a bless-ing given—
e, And nev-er from it stray—
The Sunday-school, the Sun

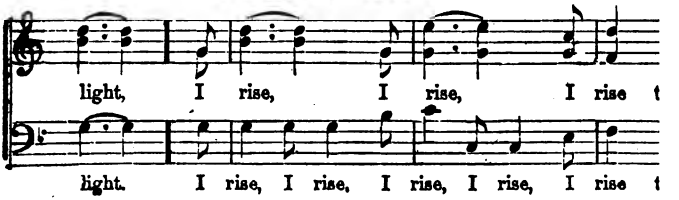

1. To our dear Sunday school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday
God meant all the peo - ple who live in this place, To hear of his good
home; I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I ca
praise; So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I ca
one or more Boys. Girls and Boys, or two Girls alone.
FULL CHORUS.

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT."

20—*Two to each Measure.*

1. I saw a lit - tle blade of grass, Just peeping from the sod, And asked it why it sought to pass Be - yond its pres-ent clod? It seemed to raise its ti - ny head, All sparkling, fresh and bright, And, wond'ring at the ques - tion, said, "I rise to seek the
2. I asked the ea - gle why his wing To ceaseless flight was given; As if he spurn'd each earth - ly thing And knew no home but heaven? He answered, as he fixed his gaze Un- *dazzled at the sight,* Up - on the sun's me - ri - dian blaze, "I rise to seek the
3. I asked my soul, what means this thirst For something yet beyond, What means this eager- ness to burst From ev-ery earth-ly bond? It answers, and I feel it glow With *fires more warm, more bright, "All is too* dull, too dark be - low, I rise to seek the

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT." (CONCLU



COME, CHILDREN, RAISE YOUR VOICES HIGH.

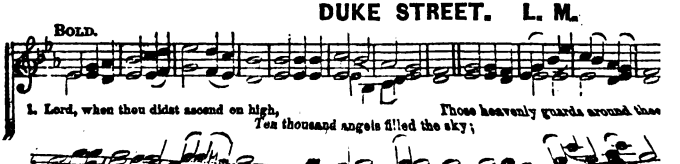
1. COME, children, raise your voices high,
Your Saviour's love proclaim,
And with the choirs of earth and sky
Unite to praise his name:
Sing how he left the realms of light,
Where the bright angels dwell,
And, passing through death's gloomy night,
Redeemed the world,
Redeemed the world from hell.

Yes, we will gladly join our lays
With heaven's seraphic throng,
And offer in our earthly days
To Christ our grateful song:

And oh that all won
That Saviour's lo
Mankind from chai
To liberty,
To liberty again!

2. Then loud hosannas
Jesus, eternal Go
Let earth with joyo
To spread his fam
Let every tribe and
His just and righ
And all unite to ha
The great, the
The great millenn

DUKE STREET. L. M.



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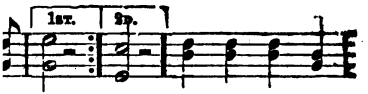
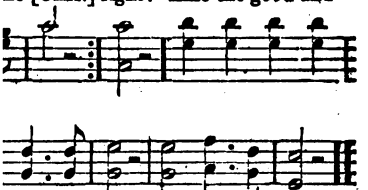
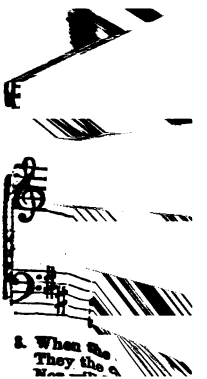


he right!
he [Omit.] right! Be their seal in
he right!
he [Omit.] right! Like the good and



speed the right! God speed the right!
speed the right! God speed the right!



3. When the
They the

"NEVER LATE."

10—*Two to each Measure.* FROM BRADBURY'S S. S. MELODIES. W.

SPRIGHTLY.

1. I'll a-wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho-ly time a-
2. Birds a-wake be-times; eve-ry morn they sing; None are tar-dy there, when the woods do

With my les-sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath sc
So when Sun-day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev-er to be late at the Sab-bath sc

3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

DISMISSION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

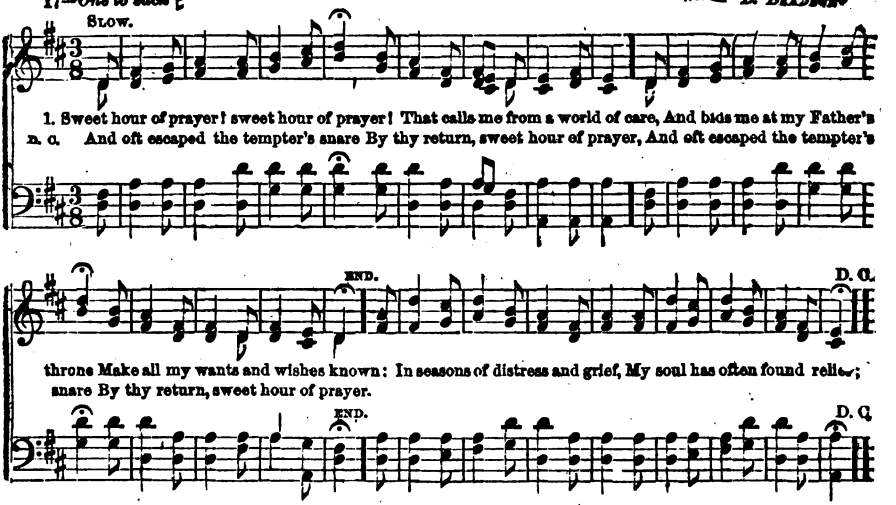
1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-sess
2. Thanks we give and a-do-ra-tion, For thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal-va-
3. Then, whene'er the signal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way, Borne on an-gel's wings, to hea

Tri-umph in re-deeming grace: O, re-fresh us, O, re-fresh us, Traveling through this

17—*One to each* ♩

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY



2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

SPRIGHTLY. 20—*One to each Measure.*

OH, COME TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WITH ME.

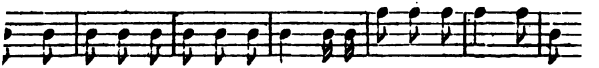
1. Oh, come to the Sun - day - school with me, Where sweetly the hours will
2. We've teachers and scho - lars kind and true; We've plenty of books, both

Chorus.—Oh, come to the Sun - day - school with me, Where sweetly the hours will

Oh, come with a foot - step light and free, And make no de-lay, make
We read, and we sing, and join in prayer, 'Tis sweet to be there, sweet
Oh, come with a foot - step light and free, And make no de-lay, make

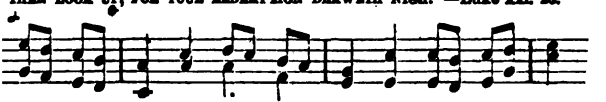
Around and a - bout us true happiness floats, While voices that love us breathe out
Around and a - bout us true happiness floats, &c.

so pleasant, so happy and free, As the dear Sunday-school for you

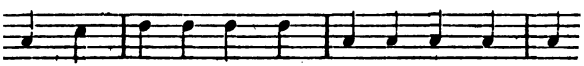


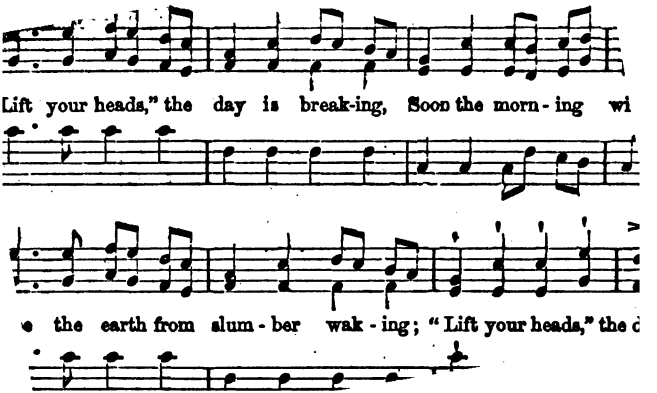
A BRIGHTER DAY.

THEN LOOK UP, FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH."—Luke xxi. 28.

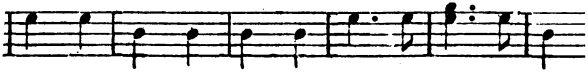


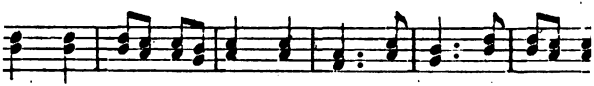
heads" with faith; the mor - row Dawneth bright-er than
a lone - ly, sad, and wea - ry, Watching through the si - l



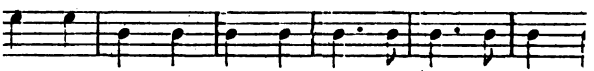

Lift your heads," the day is break-ing, Soon the morn - ing wi
e the earth from slum - ber wak - ing; "Lift your heads," the d

sing, if not the chil - dren, Did not Je - sus cie
not, with oth - er jew - els, Sparkle in his di -
less the song of heav - en They be - gin to prac -





hem were voic - es giv - en, Bird - like voic - es, sweet a



2.

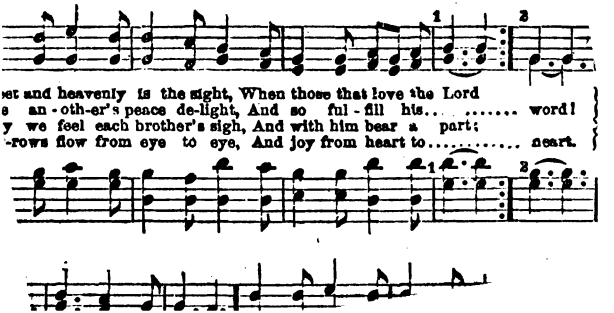
of infant songsters,

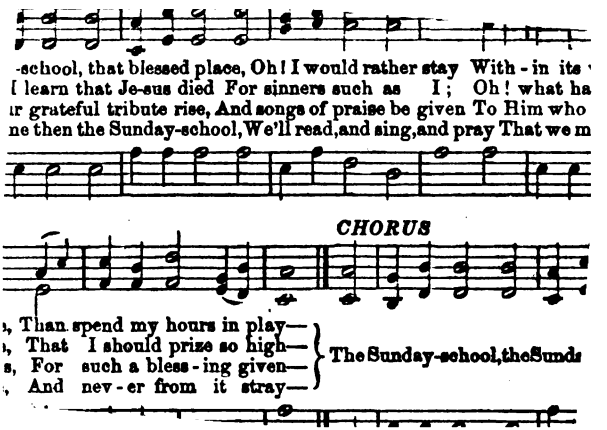
3.

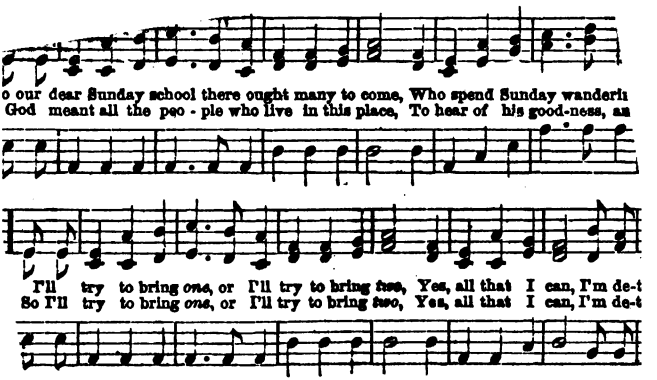
Jesus, when on earth sojourn
Loved them with a wondr

Reprinting them without such permi
copyright; and any person so trespassing will be held

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.




-school, that blessed place, Oh! I would rather stay With - in its
I learn that Je-sus died For sinners such as I; Oh! what ha
ir grateful tribute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him who
ne then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray That we m
CHORUS
, Than spend my hours in play—
, That I should prize so high—
s, For such a bless - ing given—
, And nev - er from it stray—
The Sunday-school, the Sunda


o our dear Sunday school there ought many to come, Who spend Sunday wanderin
God meant all the peo - ple who live in this place, To hear of his good-ness, an
I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-t
So I'll try to bring one, or I'll try to bring two, Yes, all that I can, I'm de-t
more Boys. Girls and Boys, or two Girls alone.
FULL CHO

- tle blade of grass,
- gle why his wing To ceaseless
l, what means this thirst For something yet

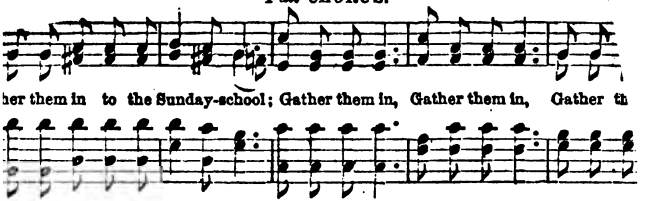
ss Be - yond its pres-ent clod! It seemed to raise its ti - ny head, All
ing And knew no home but heaven! He answered, as he fixed his gaze Un-
urst From ev-ery earth-ly bond! It answers, and I feel it glow With

fresh and bright, And, wond'ring at the ques - tion, said, "I rise to seek the
Up - on the sun's me - ri - dian blaze, "I rise to seek the
too dull, too dark be - low, I rise to seek the

BOLD.

1. Lord, when thou d

Full CHORUS.



ather them in, gather them in,
Gather the children in;
er them in that are seeking rest,
her them in, gather them in;
r them in from the East and West,
ather, gather them in.
them in that are roaming about,
er them in, gather them in;
them in from the North and South,
her, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

4. Gather them in, gather the
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from all over
Gather them in, gather the
Gather them in to our noble
Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in with a Christ
Gather them in, gather the
Gather them in for
Gath-

GATHER THEM IN.

"GO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."—Luke xiv. 23.

16—*Two to each Measure.* WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION.

1. Ga - ther them in, ga - ther them in, Ga - ther the chil - dren in;
2. Ga - ther them in, ga - ther them in, Ga - ther the chil - dren in;

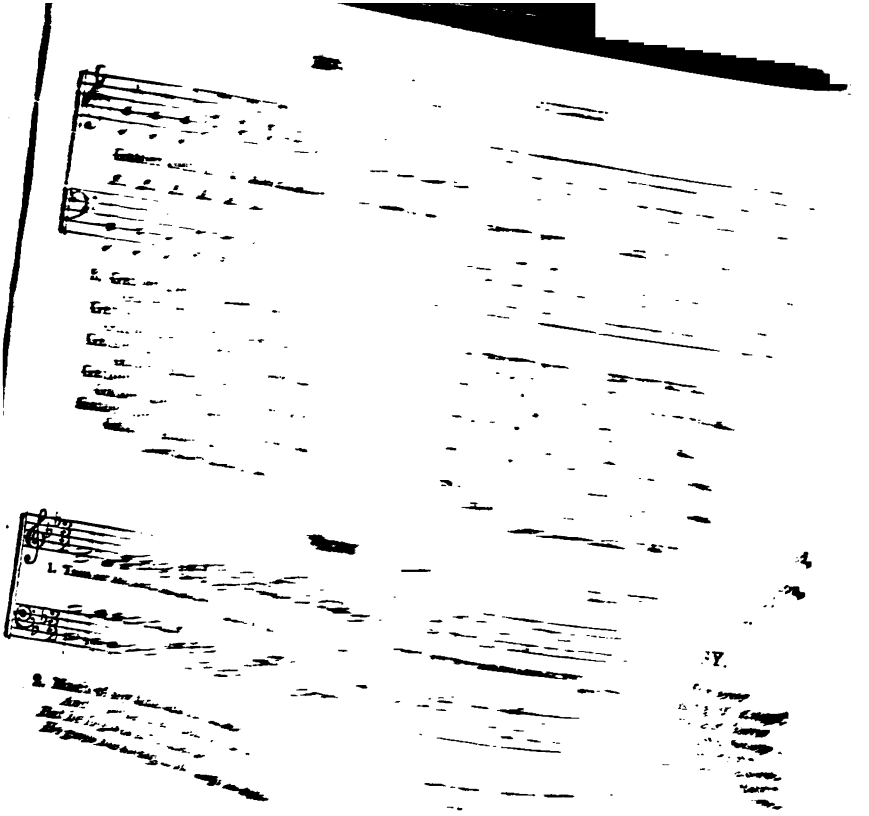
May be sung as a Duet.

Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in in this
Gather them in from the prairies vast, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in of
Gather them in from the street and lane, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in, both the
Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in with a

gos - pel day, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in;
ev - ery cast, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in.
halt and lame, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in;
wil - ing mind, Ga - ther, ga - ther them in.

CHORUS.

Gather them in, let the house be full,
Gather them in, let the house be full, &c.



AR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s. Home Mission Song.

13—*Two to each Measure.*

1. Far out up-on the prai - rie How many chil - dren dwell, Who nev - er read the
2. For they have no kind pas - tor, Whose lov - ing words have told Of Je - sus, the good

Chorus.—Far out up-on the prai - rie How many chil - dren dwell, Who nev - er read the

END.

Bi - ble, Or hear the Sab - bath bell; And when the ho - ly morn - ing Wakes
Shep - herd, And called them to his fold; No Sab - bath school in - vit - ing Its

END.

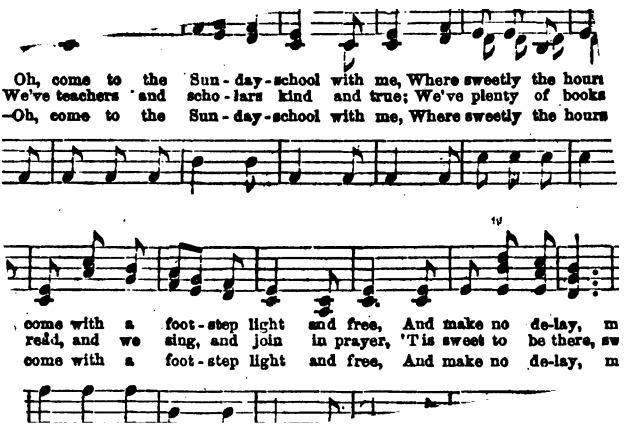
Bi - ble, Or hear the Sab - bath bell.

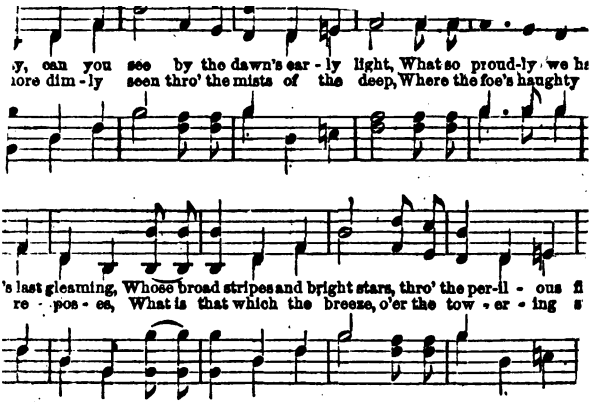
D. C.

us to sing and pray, They spend the pre-cious moments In i - dle - ness and play.
pleas - ant doors with - in, No teach-er's voice en-treat - ing To leave the way of sin.

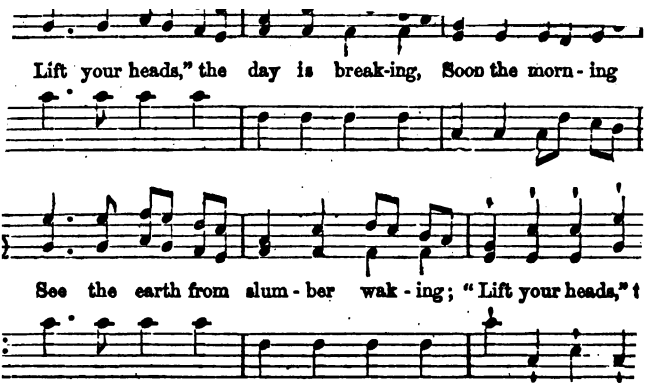
D. C.

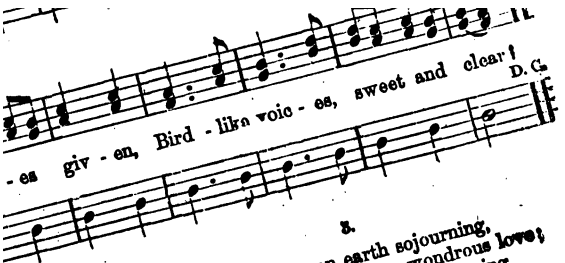
Written for the Anniversary of the S. S. Miss. Association of the 14th Pres. Church


Oh, come to the Sun-day-school with me, Where sweetly the hours
We've teachers and scho-lars kind and true; We've plenty of books
—Oh, come to the Sun-day-school with me, Where sweetly the hours
come with a foot-step light and free, And make no de-lay, m
read, and we sing, and join in prayer, 'T is sweet to be there, sw
come with a foot-step light and free, And make no de-lay, m


y, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we h
ore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous f
re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing s

CHORUS.

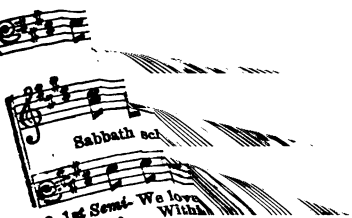

Lift your heads," the day is break-ing, Soon the morn-ing
See the earth from slum-ber wak-ing; "Lift your heads," t
long and weary— 5. Let the heart be eh



3.

Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they can not sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

agsters,
Saviour's throne;
, listen!
heir own,
rous choral,
rd turned;
fected,
they learned!



1. 1st Semi-Cho. { Hark! how the cheerful morning bells Call us a - way to Sabbath school; Their sacred chime our
2d Semi-Cho. { With happy faces, one and all, We haste a - way to Sabbath school; And hearts as hap-py

2. 1st Semi-Cho. { In Sunday dress-es neat-ly clad, A - way we haste to Sabbath school; No day in all the
2d Semi-Cho. { Our lessons learned, our books in hand, A-way we haste to Sabbath school; The happiest children

FULL CHORUS.

du - ty tells, A - way to Sab-bath school.
at the call, A - way to Sab-bath school. } Then let us haste a - way, haste a - way to the
week more glad, A - way to Sab-bath school.
in the land, A - way to Sab-bath school. } Then let us haste a - way, haste a - way to the

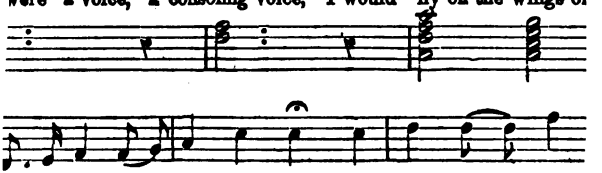
1st time. 2d time.

Sabbath school, Then let us haste away, a - way to the Sabbath school, A - way to the Sabbath school.

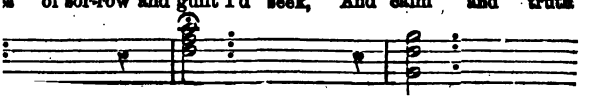
3. 1st *Semi-Chorus.* We love to meet together there,
Within our pleasant Sabbath school;

4. 1st *Semi-Chorus.* The Sabbath light shines clear and bright,
Away we haste to Sabbath School;

were a voice, a per - suasive voice, That could travel the wide
I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a hu - man heart mi
were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the wings of

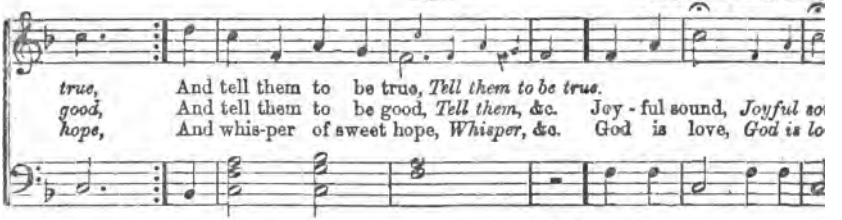


on the wings of the morn-ing light, And speak to the men
them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In praise of the right
of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth



"IF I WERE A VOICE." (Concluded.)

Echo. Echo for 4th and 5th s

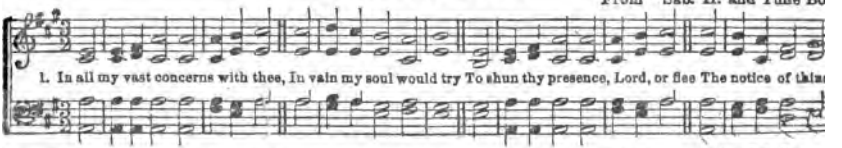


4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth around;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Joyful sound. (*Echo*, Joyful sound.)
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Echo.—Truth's most joyful sound.

5. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and t
And drop like a happy sunlight dow
And whisper, God is love.
God is love. (*Echo*, God is lo
And whisper, God is love.
Echo.—Whisper, God is love.

REEVES. C. M.

W. B. B.
From "Sab. H. and Tune Bo



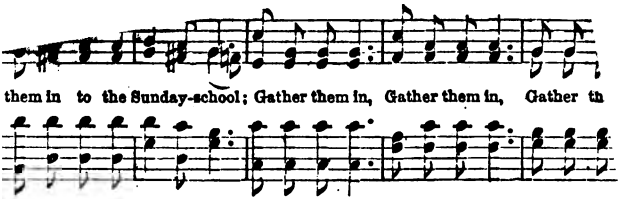
2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the w
He knows the sense I mean.

them in, ga - ther them in, Ga - ther the chil - dren
them in, ga - ther them in, Ga - ther the chil - dren

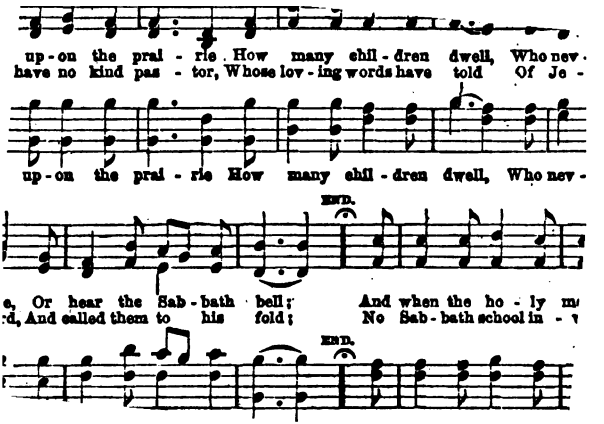
ing as a Duet.

n in from the broad highway, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather
n in from the prairies vast, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather
n in from the street and lane, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather
deaf, and the poor, and blind, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather



er them in, gather them in,
her the children in;
them in that are seeking rest,
r them in, gather them in;
hem in from the East and West,
er, gather them in.
hem in that are roaming about,
them in, gather them in;
em in from the North and South,
r, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gather them in, &c.

4. Gather them in, gather ther
Gather the children in;
Gather them in from all over
Gather them in, gather ther
Gather them in to our noble b
Gather, gather them in;
Gather them in with a Christi
Gather them in, gather ther
Gather them in for the Churc
Gather, gather them in.
Chorus.—Gath—


up-on the prai - rie How many chil - dren dwell, Who nev-
have no kind pas - tor, Whose lov - ing words have told Of Je -
up-on the prai - rie How many chil - dren dwell, Who nev -
END.
e, Or hear the Sab - bath bell; And when the ho - ly m
d, And called them to his fold; No Sab - bath school in -
END.

3. I wish that I could tell them
How Jesus came to die,
When he for little children
Left his bright throne on high;
And all the sad, sad story
Of sorrow which he bore,
When for his crown of glory
A crown of thorns he wore.

Chorus.—Far out, etc.

4. And so each morn and evening,
Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
I'll ask the gracious Saviour
To send his gospel there;
That in the glorious city
In which he dwells above,
We all may sing together
Of his redeeming love.

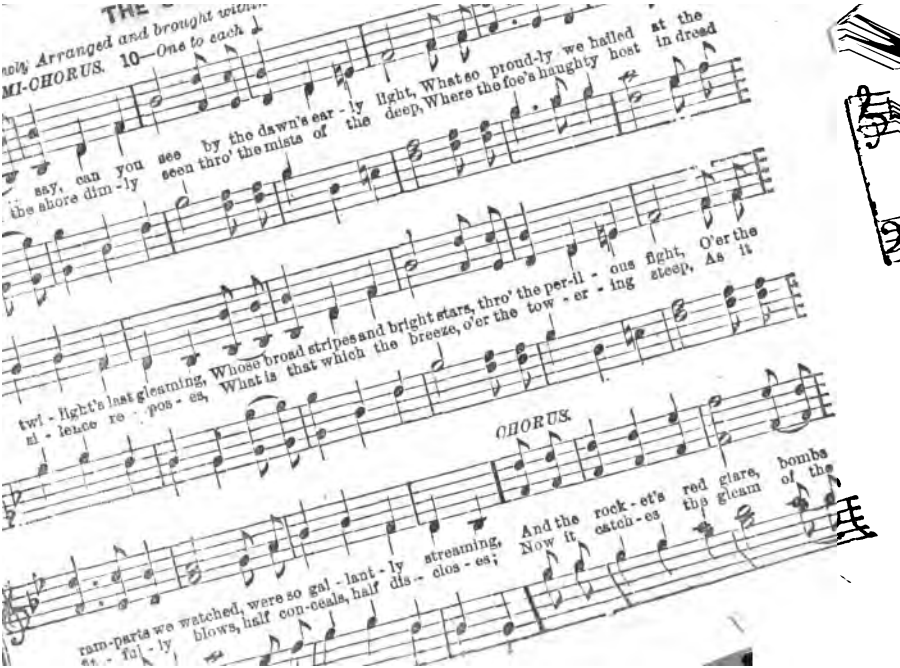
Chorus.—Far out, etc.

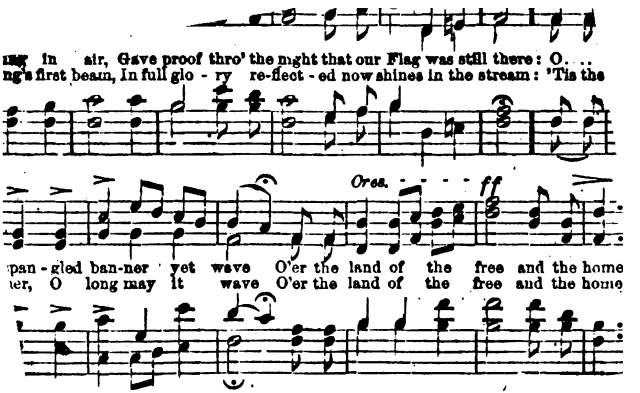
MILLENNIUM SONG.

1. Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

Cho.—Rejoice, etc.

2. See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation—
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him, as he cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.


THE
Arranged and brought
MI-CHORUS. 10—One to each
say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
twi - light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
CHORUS.
ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming, And the rock - et's red glare, bombs
ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es; Now it catch - es the gleam of the



3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle-

3. Qui-

Sweet is the slumber be - neath the sod, While the pure soul is resting with God.
Flowers of the wildwood, your o-dors shed O - ver the ho - ly, beauti - ful dead.
Rest till the trump from the opening skies Bid thee from dust to glo-ry a - rise!

f pp

Peaceful-ly sleep, Peaceful-ly sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peaceful - ly sleep.

on her breast;
wil - low boughs;
labor is done;

with God.
- ful dead.
a - rise!

ON CALVARY

Words by A. A. Smith.

26—*Two to the Measure.*

ANDANTE.

1. On Calv'ry's heights amazing grace behold! An

All. *FULL CHO*

Could thus for sin a - tone. On Calv'ry's heigh

On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies!

Girls. 1. Pil-grims we
Boys. This wil - der - ness we
Girls. 2. A few more days, or weeks, or
Boys. A few more sighs, a few more tears, And

Girls.—Our robes are wash'd in Je - sus' blood, And we are traveling home to God.

D.C.

CHORUS.—All.

O hap - py pil-grims, spot - less fair, What makes your robes so white ap - pear?

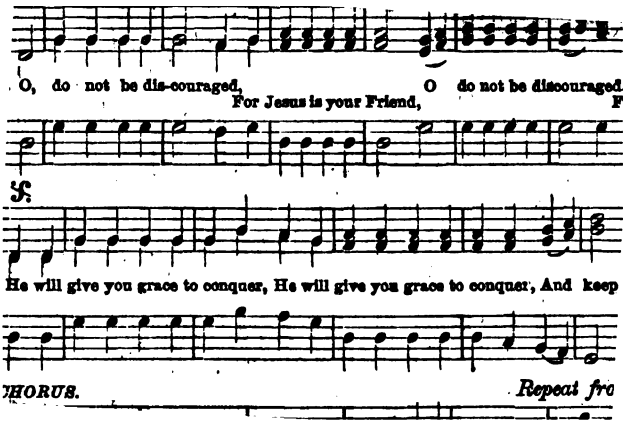
D.C.

3. O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be for evermore.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

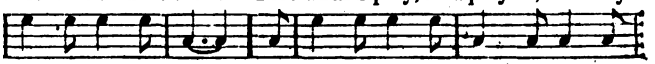
...bes are pure and white,
... blest abode?

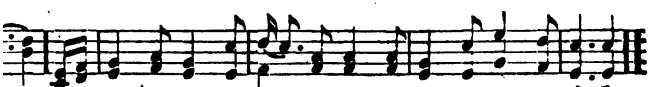
5. We all shall reach that golden shore
If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

6. O may we meet at last above
Amid the holy blood washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
Cho.—O happy pilgrims.

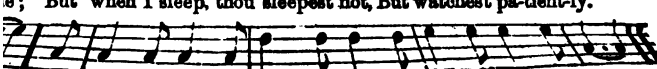

O, do not be dis-couraged, O do not be discouraged
For Jesus is your Friend, F
He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And keep
CHORUS.
Repeat fro

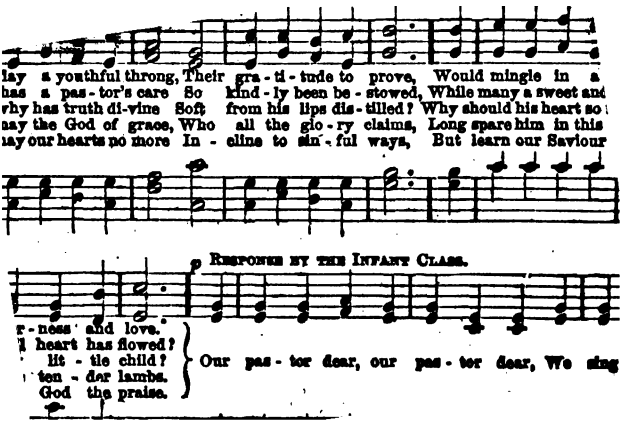
lit - tle child like me. Thy beau-ti-ful and shin - ing face I
n I was but a child. But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Fight-
ch tells me thou art there. Yes! when I pray, thou prayest, too—Thy



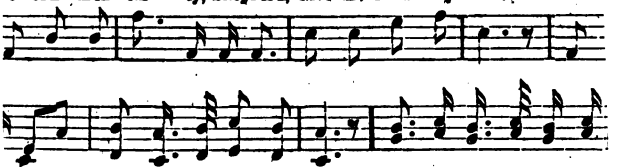


ar; The sweetness of thy soft low voice I am too deaf to hear.
e; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.
e; But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest pa-tient-ly.

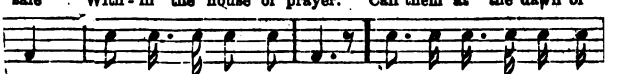



lay a youthful throng, Their gra - ti - tude to prove, Would mingle in a
has a pas - tor's care So kind - ly been be - stowed, While many a sweet and
why has truth di-vine Soft from his lips dis - tilled? Why should his heart so
nay the God of grace, Who all the glo - ry claims, Long spare him in this
nay our hearts no more In - cline to sin - ful ways, But learn our Saviour
RESPONSE BY THE INFANT CLASS.
r - ness and love.
heart has flowed?
lit - tle child?
ten - der lambs.
God the praise.
Our pas - tor dear, our pas - tor dear, We sing

ıe chil - dren ear - ly, mother, While the birds do sing; While
ıe chil - dren ear - ly, father, While the dew is on; Great
ıe chil - dren ear - ly, teacher— To their won-d'ring eyes, Ev -
ıe chil - dren ear - ly, Shepherd, Give the lambs thy care; See tl



flowers, Which by the hill - side spring, Oft re - peat the wak-ing
done Be- fore the morning's gone. Call them round the al - tar
forth The pearl of rich - est price. Call them ear - ly to the
safe With - in the house of prayer. Call them at the dawn of



HENRY TUCKER.

While the dew is
Great the work that
Ev - ery Sab - bath
See that they are

-ing word,
tar bright
the Lord—
day,

—One to each ♩.

I'LL RISE UP

QUICK.

1. I'll rise up ear - ly in the morn-ing, T
2. While there I'll listen to my teacher, An

morn - ing, And haste to Sabbath schoo
teach - er, As up to heaven he point

His heart op-pressed, and with anguish riven, From his home be - low to his home in heaven.
To that bright home, what a joy is given, With the bless - ed thought of his home in heaven.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp

His home, his home, his hap-py home in heaven, His home, his home, his happy home in heaven.

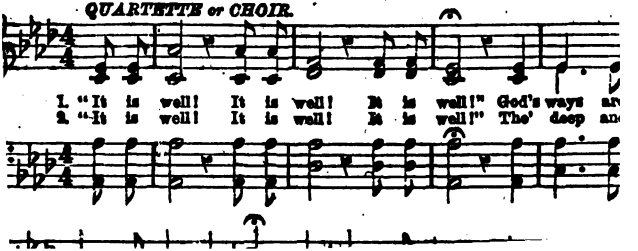
a home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
by the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
Chorus.—A home, &c.

6. Our home in heaven!
And the Spirit joined
Come seek his face, a
And rejoice in hope o

"IT IS WELL."

Composed on hearing of the death of Mrs. Jeremiah Jennison, *of*

QUARTETTE or CHOIR.



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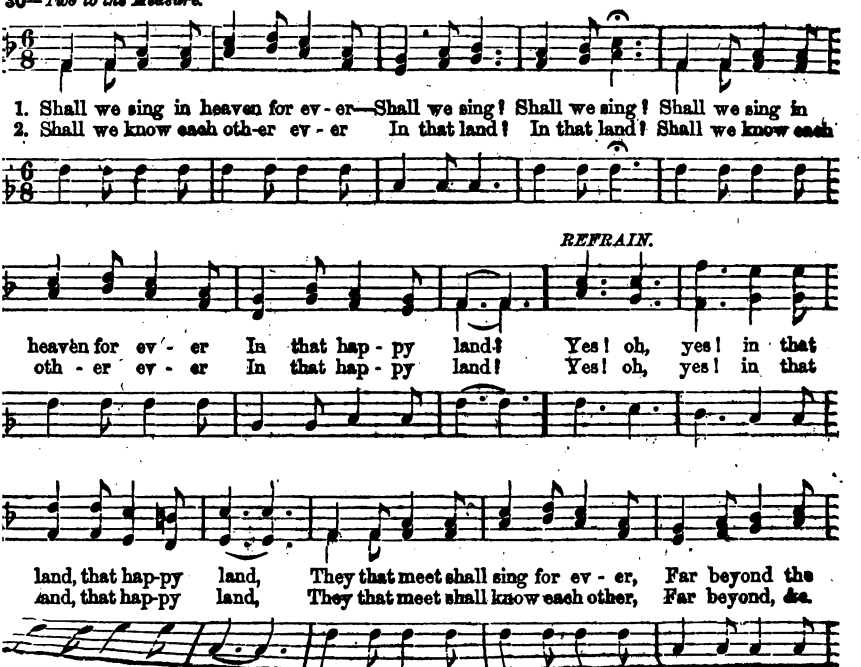
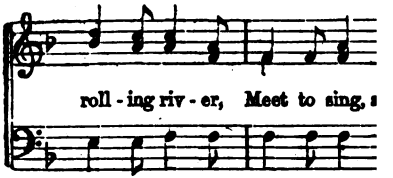
30—*Two to the Measure.*

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?



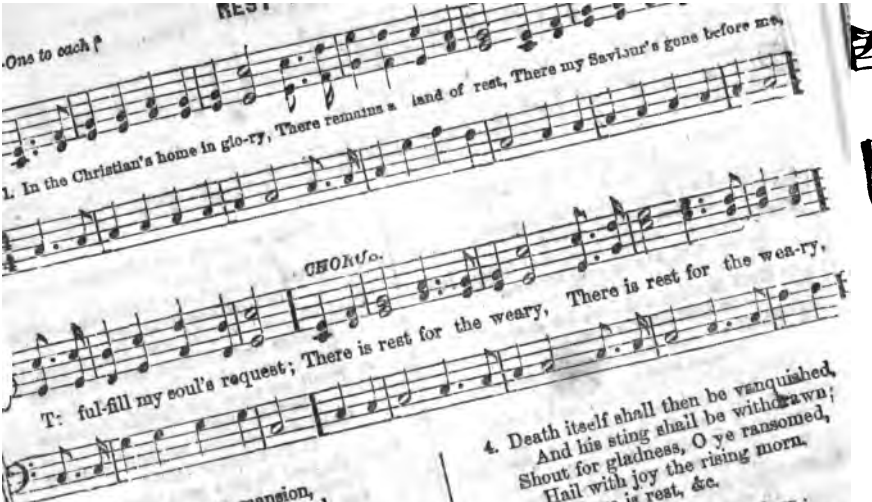
SHALL WE SIN



3. Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
Saints and angels sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love for ever
In that happy land!

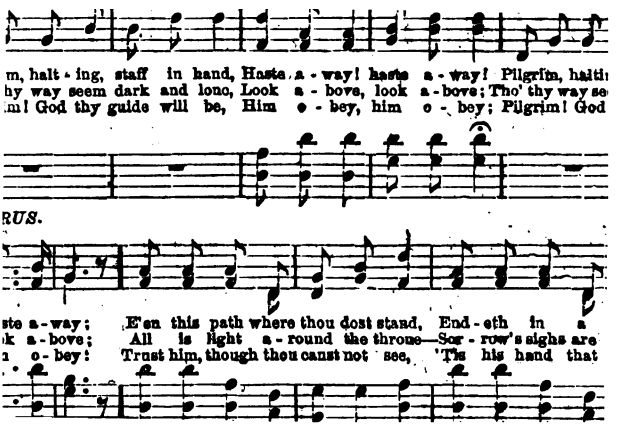
4. Shall we rest from care and sorro
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorro
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
They that meet shall rest for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

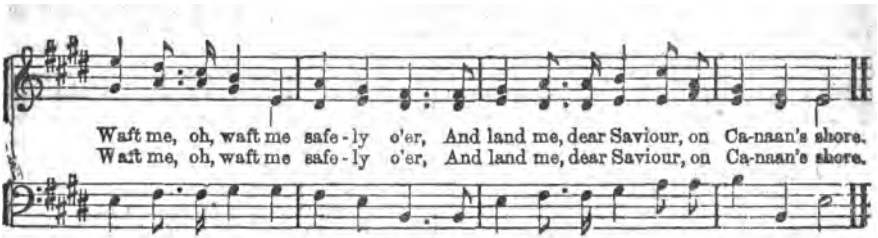
5. Shall we meet our dear, lost child
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear, lost child


REST
Ons to each
1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me,
CHORUS.
T: ful-fill my soul's request; There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the wea-ry,
2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance there.
There is rest, &c.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you— On the c

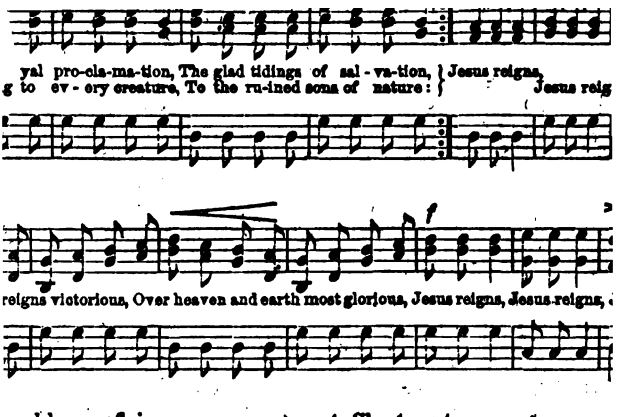
In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, Th

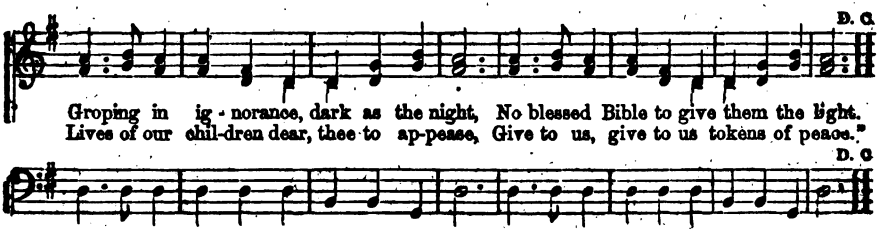

m, halt - ing, staff in hand, Haste a - way! haste a - way! Pilgrim, halti
hy way seem dark and long, Look a - bove, look a - bove; Tho' thy way se
m! God thy guide will be, Him o - bey, him o - bey; Pilgrim! God
RUS.
ste a - way; E'en this path where thou dost stand, End - eth in a
k a - bove; All is light a - round the throne—Sor - row's sighs are
n o - bey! Trust him, though thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that



3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam,
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home,
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Waft me. &c.

4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes.
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me. &c.


yal pro-cla-ma-tion, The glad tidings of sal-va-tion, } Jesus reigns,
g to ev-ery creature, To the ru-ined sons of nature: } Jesus reig
f
reigns victorious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,

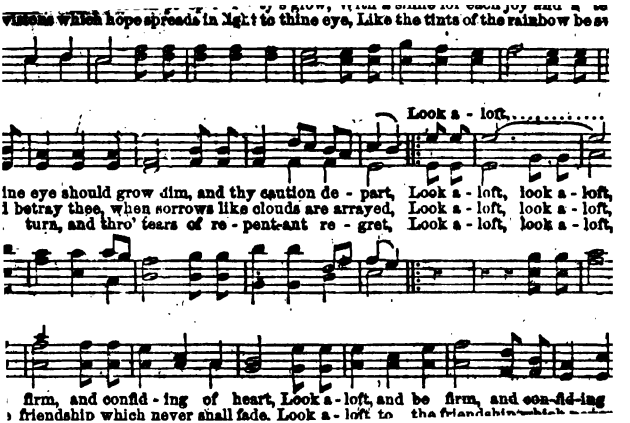


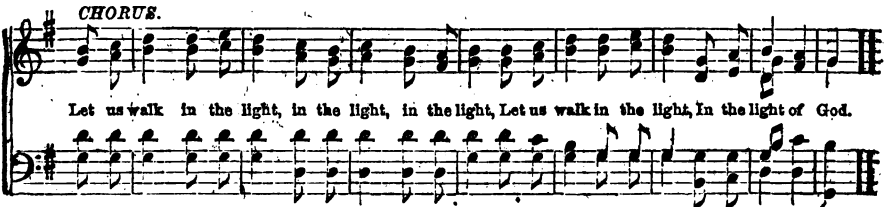
3.

Here, in this happy land, we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
Chorus.—Pity them, &c.

4.

Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, children to home."
Chorus.—Pity them, &c.


which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be s
Look a - loft,
ine eye should grow dim, and thy caution de - part, Look a - loft, look a - loft,
l betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Look a - loft, look a - loft,
turn, and thro' tears of re - pent-ant re - gret, Look a - loft, look a - loft,
firm, and confid - ing of heart, Look a - loft, and be firm, and con-fid-ing
friendship which never shall fade. Look a - loft to



2. Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God;
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God.

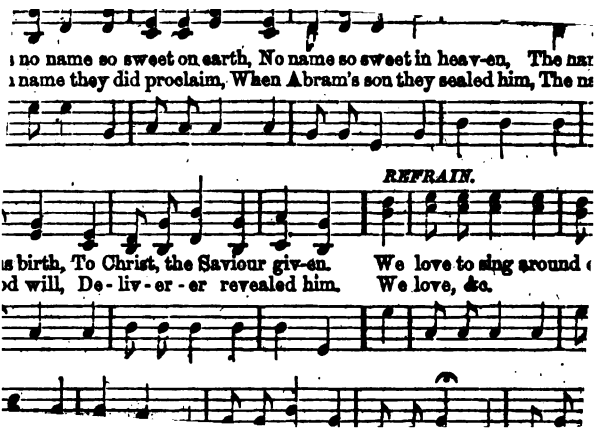
Chorus.—Let us walk in the light, &c.

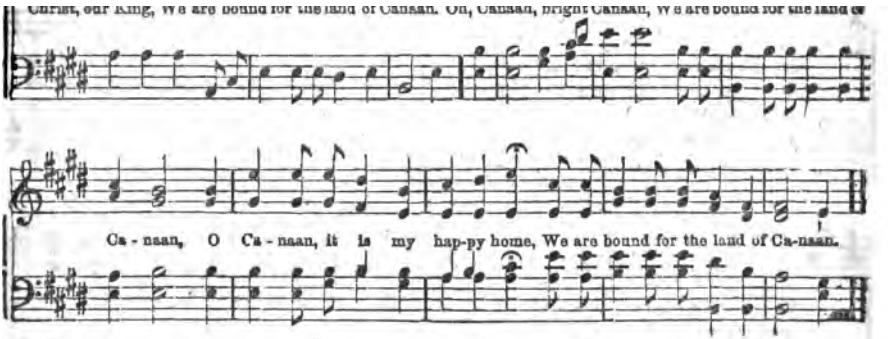
3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God;
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

CALL TO PRAISE.

1. Children of the heavenly King,
In the light, in the light,
As we journey, sweetly sing,
In the light of God;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
In the light, in the light,
Glorious in his works and ways,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*

2. We are traveling home to God,
In the light, in the light,
In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God.—*Chorus.*


no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en, The nar
name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they sealed him, The na
REFRAIN.
s birth, To Christ, the Saviour giv-en. We love to sing around
d will, De-liv-er-er revealed him. We love, &c.



2. Come then and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

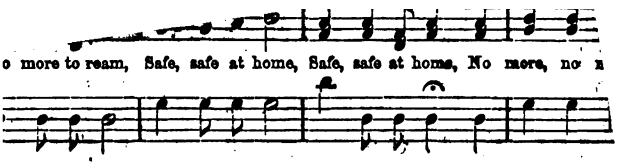
3. Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

- pared for us there; The song of re-demp-tion, from infants, shall swell, As of Je - sus, to won-der-ing

REFRAIN.

sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more to roam,
an - gels, they tell.

* *The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.*



3. Though taken, from earth, in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour, we 'll ever adorn,
More bright than the stars, will thy ransomed ones shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.

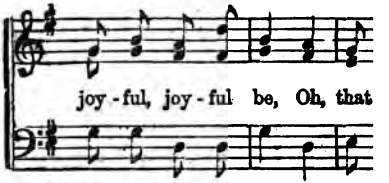
4. Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds, with the riches of wisdom, be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

CAPTIVITY. L. M

at will joy - ful be, When we walk by faith no more,
at will joy - ful be, When to meet us rise and come

oved be - fore As broth-er man we see; When he wel-com
treasures home—A glad-some com- pa - ny. When our arms e

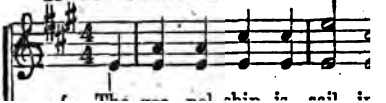
OH, THAT WI



3. Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus—Oh, that will, &c.

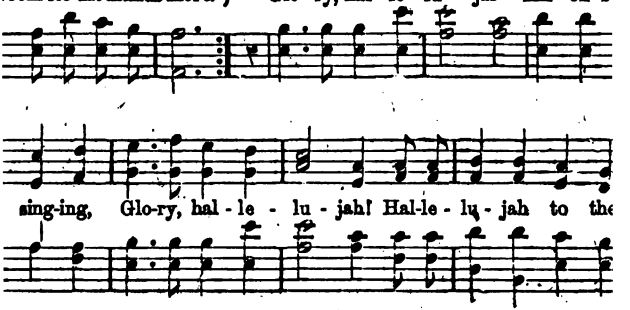
THI

25—*Two to each Measure.*

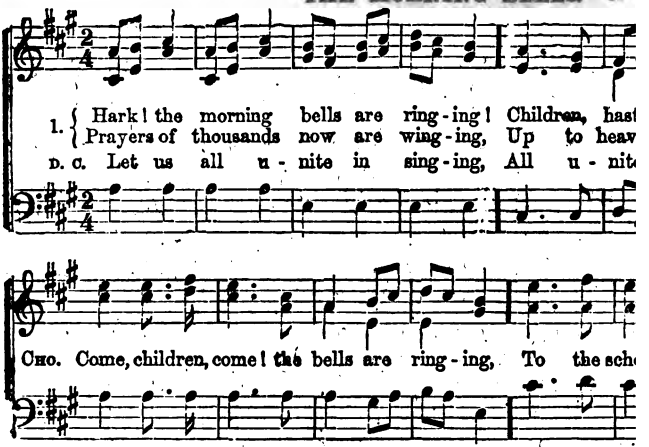


r Canaan's happy shore;
d welcome, rich and poor. } Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! All on b

: Canaan's happy shore;
:oom for thousands more. } Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! All on b



THE MORNING BELLS. 8s



2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

3 Do not keep our t
While you tarry
Nor disturb the s
'Tis the holy Sa
Cho.—Come, child

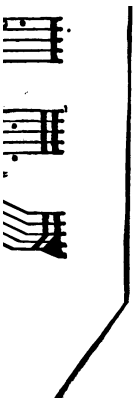
4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
Cho.—Come, children, come! &c.

nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear,

It will on - ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

1. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To light our passage through.
Chorus. *Let us never, &c.*

2. O what a glorious shout there 'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Chorus. Let us never, &c.



And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN.

1. THERE is a clime where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
Of his redeeming love.

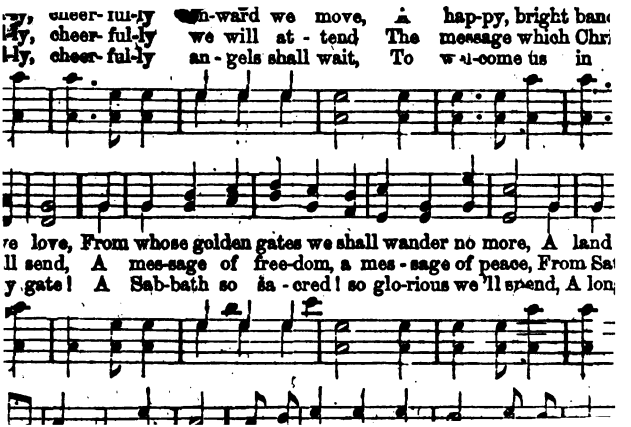
Chorus.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c, &c.

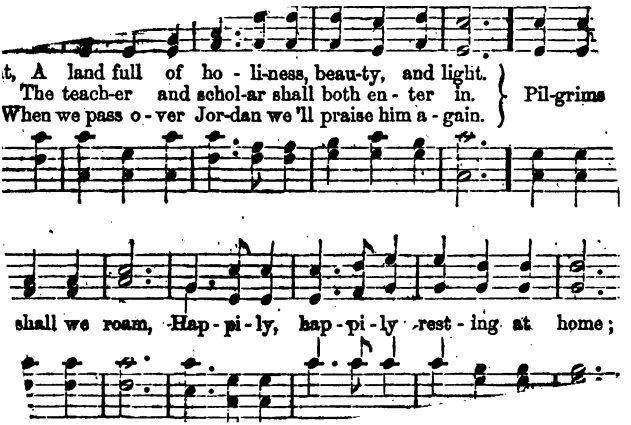
2. And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.

3. Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Now, though he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

2. Yet from dark lonely watch-towers it hoisted
years,
When dim mists and black shadows enveloped
ages,
At first crimsoned with blood, and then darke
with tears,
With which martyrs recorded their names on ear
pages.
Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the
light,
Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our si
'Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave
Over altars, and homes, and the path to the gra

3. And thus be it ever with the foes of the right,
Who hurl on our cause their fierce imprecation
For God helps to triumph in his holy might,
The men who will serve him through all generati
And when dust to dust shall return, as it must,
May we praise him forever, who now is our tru
And the blest gospel banner in glory shall wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the g


cheer-ful-ly on-ward we move, A hap-py, bright ban
cheer-ful-ly we will at-tend The message which Chr
cheer-ful-ly an-gels shall wait, To wel-come us in
love, From whose golden gates we shall wander no more, A land
send, A mes-sage of free-dom, a mes-sage of peace, From Sa
gate! A Sab-bath so sa-cred! so glo-rious we'll spend, A lon


t, A land full of ho - li-ness, beau-ty, and light.
The teach-er and schol-ar shall both en - ter in.
When we pass o - ver Jor-dan we 'll praise him a - gain.
Pil-grims
shall we roam, Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly rest - ing at home;

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

36.—*Two to each Measure.* W. B. B.

GENTLY.

1. Chide mild-ly the err-ing, Kind language en-dears, Grief fol-lows the sin-ful,
D. C. The heart which is strick-en Needs nev-er a blow, The heart which is strick-en

END. D. C.

Add not to their tears; A void with re-proach-es Fresh pain to be-stow,
Needs nev-er a blow.

END. D. C.

2.

Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

3.

Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies.

THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

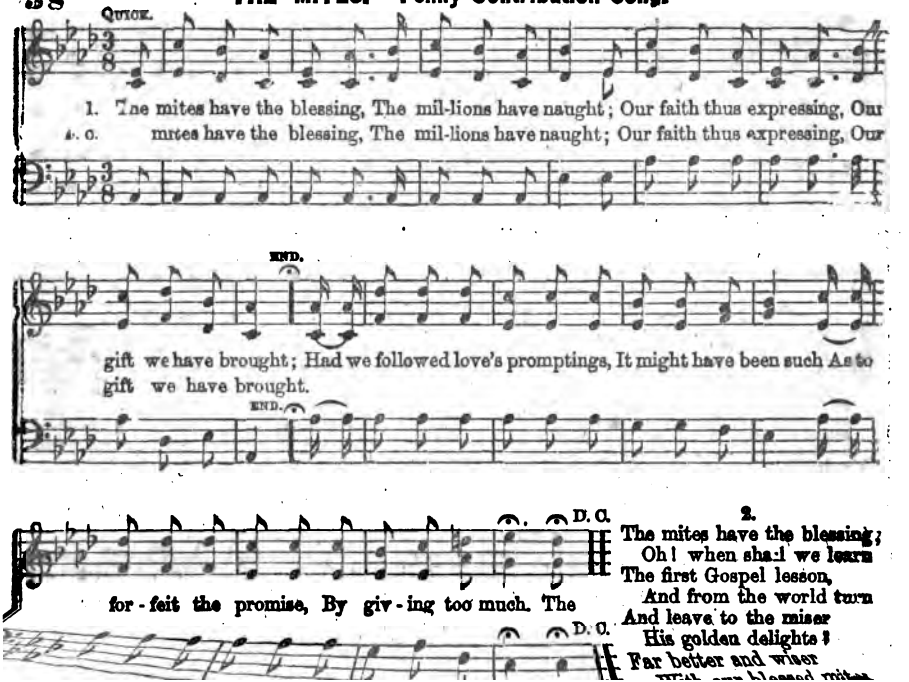
Words contributed b

HEREFULLY.

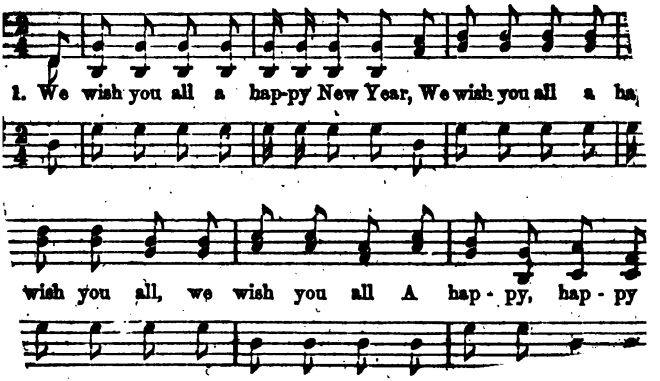
When the day, with ro - sy light, On the Sabbath morn ap - pears,
And the dusk - y shades of night Melt a - way in dew - y tears,
Soft - ly on the Sab-bath air Swell our hymns of grate-ful love;
Je - sus list - ens to our prayer, Hears the children's strains a - bove.
He who left his throne a - bove, Poor, lost sin-ners to re - deem,
He whose words are life and love— Je - sus Christ shall be our theme.

re go. Glad to hear in-struction there; S

THE MITES. Penny Contribution Song.



2.
The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when shall we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn
And leave to the miser
His golden delights!
Far better and wiser


1. We wish you all a hap-py New Year, We wish you all a ha
wish you all, we wish you all A hap - py, hap - py

THE BIRD'S SONG.

May be sung as a Solo or Semi-Chorus.

QUICK.

1. I asked a sweet rob - in, one morn - ing in May, Who sung in the ap - ple tree
2. "Tee - to - tal! oh! that's the first word of my lay, And then, don't you see how I
3. "And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb For the dear lit - tle nest - lings re -

o - ver the way, What 'twas she was sing - ing so sweet - ly a - bout; For I'd tried a long
rat - tled a - way? I just have been dip - ping my beak in the spring, And brush - ing the
- main - ing at home; And one thing be - side, since my sto - ry you've heard—I.... hope you'll re -

CHORUS.

time, but I could not find out; "Why, I'm sure," she re - plied, "you can - not guess
face of the lake with my wing; Cold .... wa - ter! cold wa - ter! yes, that is my
- mem - ber the lay of the bird, And .... nev - er for - get, while you list to my

THE BIRD'S SONG. (Concluded.)

Girls. *Boys.*

wrong, Don't you know I am sing - ing a tem - per - ance song? Cold wa - ter! cold
song, And I love to keep sing - ing it all the day long. Cold wa - ter! cold
song, All the birds to the cold wa - ter ar - my be - long." Cold wa - ter! cold

Girls. *Boys.* *All.*

wa - ter! cold wa - ter! cold wa - ter! Don't you know I am sing - ing a cold wa - ter song.

All the birds to the cold wa - ter ar - my be - long.

Spirited. **LABAN. S. M.** L. Mason. 1830.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; And hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Thine crown.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. I've roamed o - ver mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've tra-versed the wave-roll-ing sand;

Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.

D. S. Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.

CHORUS.

No, no, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no,

D. S.

2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the west—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yes happier far were the hours, &c.

3. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
'T is the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'T is the land, 't is the land of the free
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
'T is the birth-place of Freedom &c.

1. THANK God for the Bible! 't is there that we find
The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above.

2. While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls *us* to come,
He 's prepared us a home.
For he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we 'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

1. To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasures of sin,
Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best.
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

2. I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes,
With brightness and purity blest;
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best.
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

3. I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers,
In beauty so charmingly dressed;
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
My dear Sunday school is the best,
But there 's purer delight in the still sacred hours
For my dear Sunday school is the best.

ZION'S HILL.*

1. What are these soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud and louder still, So sweetly sound from Zi-on's hill?

CHORUS.—VERY SPIRITED. (20—*Two to the Measure.*)

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na, in the highest, in the highest, in the high-est.

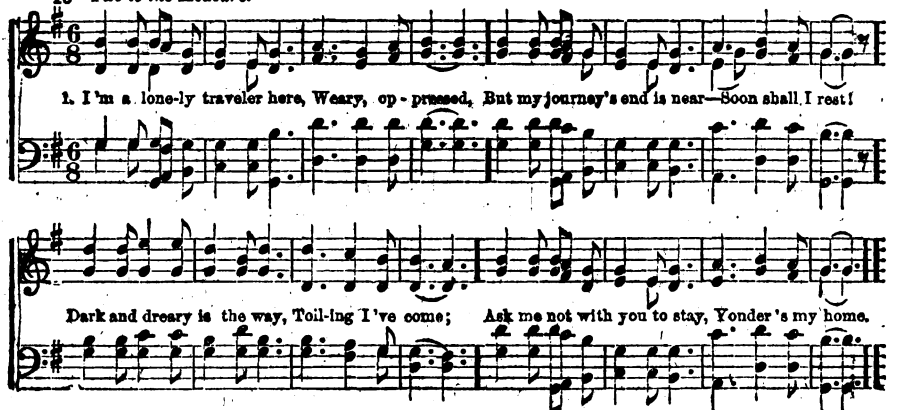
2.
Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosannas to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3.
Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

4.
Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

The first movement may appropriately be sung by the Teachers or Choir, with the response (HOSANNA) by ...holars. For a Concert, a pleasing effect may be produced by having a Semi-chorus out of sight ... "HOSANNAS" so softly as to give the impression of a Choir at a great distance.

40—*Two to the Measure.*

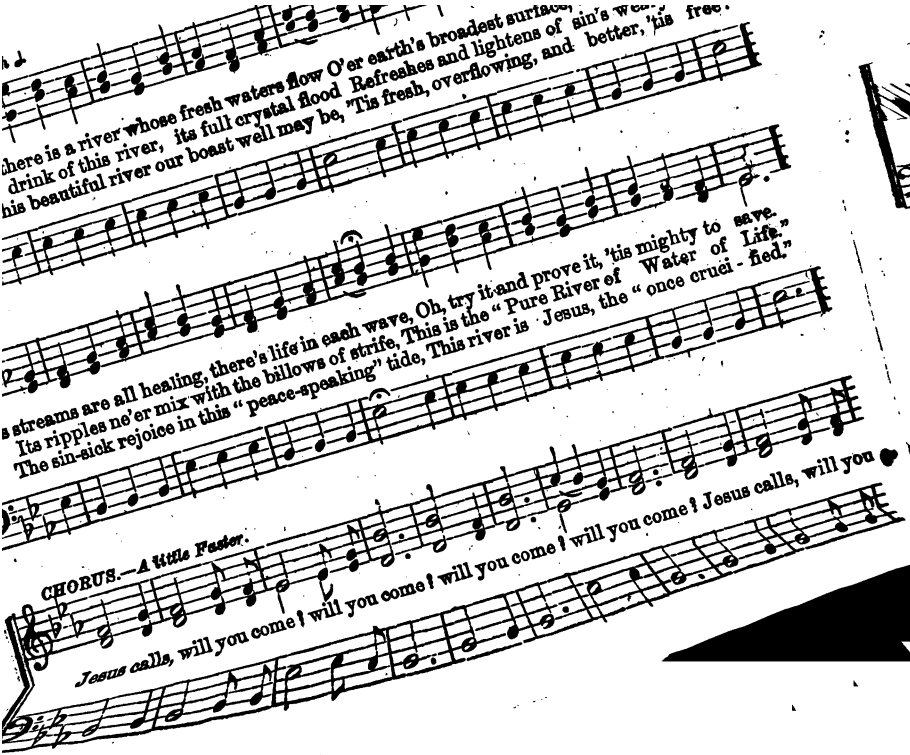


2. I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on,
For my journey 's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that for ever live—
I can not stay.

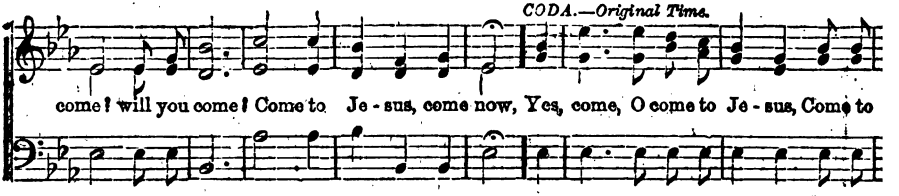
3. I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all

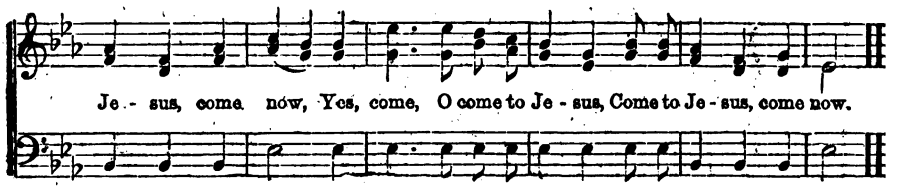
4. I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I 've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5. I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I 'll roam;
Call me not—in vain you call,
[illegible] my home.


here is a river whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest surface,
drink of this river, its full crystal flood Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary
his beautiful river our boast well may be, 'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free.
s streams are all healing, there's life in each wave, Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save.
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife, This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide, This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."
CHORUS.—A little Faster.
Jesus calls, will you come! will you come! will you come! will you come! Jesus calls, will you

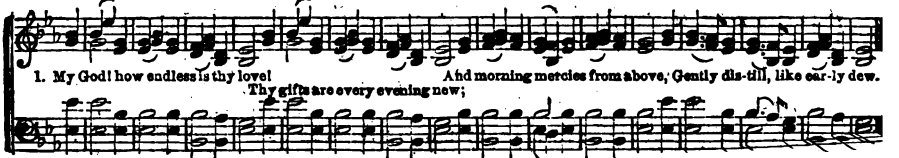
CODA.—Original Time.





GRATITUDE. L. M.

Bost.



2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great *Guardian of my sleeping hours!*
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HERE IS NO REST.

60—*Two to the Measure.* WM. B. BRADBURY.

MODERATO—GENTLY—SMOOTHLY.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest; Here as a pilgrim I wander a-lone, (OMIT - - - -) } Yet I am blest;

D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, (OMIT - - - -) There, there is rest.

D. C.

For I look forward to that glorious day, When sin and sor-row shall vanish a-way;

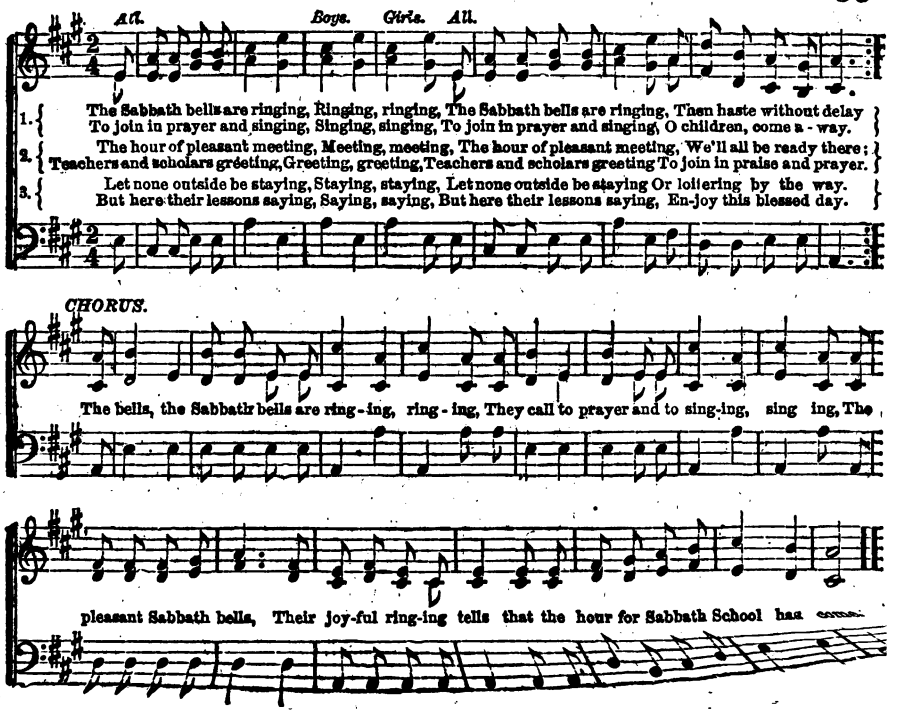
D. C.

2.

Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward.
There, there is rest.

3.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest;
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast
There, there is rest.


All.
Boys.
Girls.
All.
1. The Sabbath bells are ringing, Ringing, ringing, The Sabbath bells are ringing, Then haste without delay
To join in prayer and singing, Singing, singing, To join in prayer and singing, O children, come a - way.
2. The hour of pleasant meeting, Meeting, meeting, The hour of pleasant meeting, We'll all be ready there;
Teachers and scholars greeting, Greeting, greeting, Teachers and scholars greeting To join in praise and prayer.
3. Let none outside be staying, Staying, staying, Let none outside be staying Or loitering by the way.
But here their lessons saying, Saying, saying, But here their lessons saying, En-joy this blessed day.
CHORUS.
The bells, the Sabbath bells are ring-ing, ring - ing, They call to prayer and to sing-ing, sing ing, The
pleasant Sabbath bells, Their joy-ful ring-ing tells that the hour for Sabbath School has come.

SWEETLY SING, SWEETLY SING.

Words by Miss J. W. Sampson.

1. Sweet - ly sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our heaven-ly King; Let us raise,
2. An - gels bright, an - gels bright, Robed in gar-ments pure and white, Chant his praise,

let us raise High our notes of praise; Praise to Him whose name is Love,
chant his praise, In me - lo - dious lays; But from that bright, hap - py throng,

Praise to Him who reigns a - bove; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues,
Ne'er can come this sweet-est song—Redeeming love, redeeming love, Brought us here a - bove.

3. Far away, far away,
We in sin's dark valley lay,
Jesus came, Jesus came,
Blessed be his name!
He redeemed us by his grace,
Then prepared in heaven a place
To receive—to receive
All who will believe.

4. Now we know—now we know
We to heaven must shortly go;
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Saviour! when *our* time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home,
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

EARLY rise, early rise,
As the Sabbath school you prize;
Haste away, haste away,
'Tis the Sabbath day.
We must neither work nor play;
Nor from Sabbath school must stay;
This the rule, this the rule,
Go to Sabbath school.

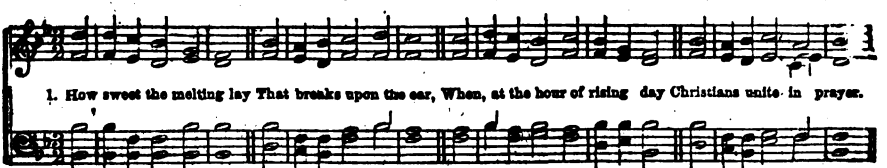
2. Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
How I love the Sabbath school!
Let us go, let us go,
Wiser still to grow.
Here we read, and sing, and pray,
Talk of heaven, and learn the way;
Hie away, hie away,
On this holy day.

3. Children here, children here,
Come to learn, obey, and fear;
Fear the Lord, fear the Lord,
Read his holy word.
Thus shall love and filial fear
Mingle with devotion here,
Pressing on, pressing on,
Youth will soon be gone.

4. We, in youth, we, in youth,
Will obey and love the truth;
Walk therein, walk therein,
Turning from all sin.
Then, when age and death come on,
We may safely lean upon
Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
Die, and be at rest.

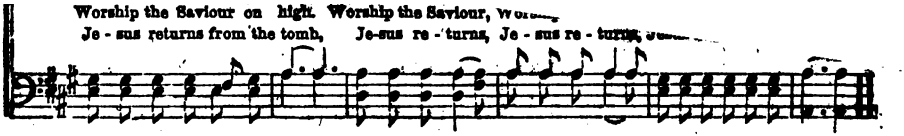
STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



2. The breezes waft their cries,
Up to *Jehovah's* throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount she sent,
And wrestle all the night.

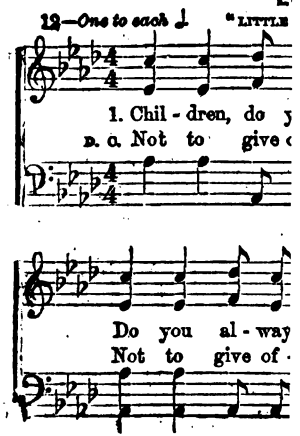


3

Rise, rise, free from thy mourning,
Light, light, spreads from the sky,
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high;
Jesus is risen,
Jesus is risen on high.

4.

Hail, hail, children adore him,
Here, here, anthems should ring,
There, there, dwelling before him,
Loudest hosannas we 'll sing;
Loudest hosannas,
Loudest hosannas we'll sing.



L

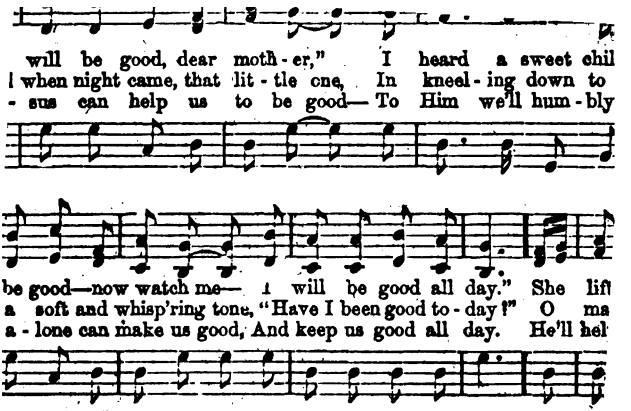
12—*One to each* ♩ "LITTLE

1. Chil - dren, do y

D. C. Not to give

Do you al - way

Not to give of


will be good, dear moth - er," I heard a sweet chil
l when night came, that lit - tle one, In kneel - ing down to
- sus can help us to be good— To Him we'll hum - bly
be good—now watch me— I will be good all day." She lift
a soft and whisp'ring tone, "Have I been good to - day?" O ma
a - lone can make us good, And keep us good all day. He'll hel

I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR M

CHOI

on her lip, So pure and free from guile. "I
earnest heart, "I will be good to - day." "I
take de light Thro' all our earth-ly . days. "I

will be good to-day, I will be good, I w

ALEXANDER. C.

1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, T

2. There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

25—*Two to each Measure*

Words by Wm. Hunter, D. D.

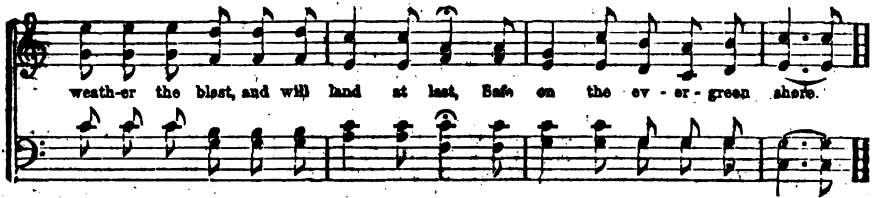
Music by W. B. B.

1. We are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main, Bound for the ev - er - green
2. We have no - thing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Sa - viour's com-

shore, Whose in - hab - it - ants nev-er of sick-ness complain, And nev-er see death a - ny more.
mand; And our hearts in the midst of the dan-gers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.

CHORUS to each Stanza.

Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, It will the soon - er be o'er; We will
roar,



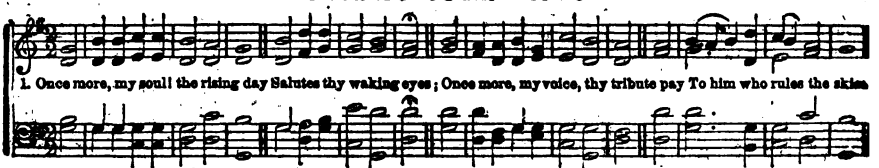
3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.—*Chorus.*

4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.—*Chorus.*

5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save;—
There 's one who will never forsake.—*Chorus.*

6. Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more;
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.—*Chorus.*

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

THE BETTER LAND.

"BUT NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS AN HEAVENLY."—*Paul.*

17—*One to each* ♩ *CHORUS.*

1. { Boys. Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand? }
   { Girls. We are go - ing on a jour-ney, Go-ing at our King's command. } O - ver hills, and plains, and
2. { Boys. Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You, a lit - tle, fee - ble band? }
   { Girls. No, for friends, unseen, are near us, Ho - ly an - gels round us stand. } Christ, our leader, walks be-

val - leys, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing
- side us, He will guard and he will guide us, He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land.
to that bet - ter land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet-ter land.

THE BETTER LAND. (Concluded.)

3.

Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?
Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.
All. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

4.

Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with
To that bright and better la
Girls. Come and welcome, come and
Welcome to our pilgrim ban
All. Come, oh come, and do not leav
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better lan

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

25—*Two to each Measure.* "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."—*Jesus.*

Words by Kate Cameron.

1. { Girls. Oh, come to the good Shep - herd, And rest with - in his fold; He 'll guard you fro
Boys. His love is all - suf - fi - cient, His grace will bear you through, He 'll aid you in

CHORUS to each Stanza.

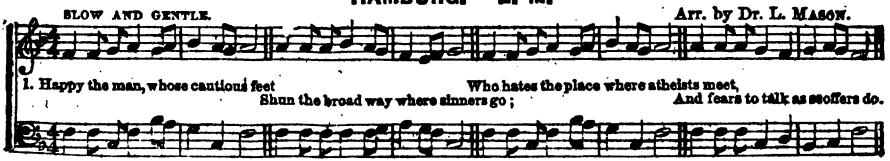
- tation, He'll keep you—young and old. }
du - ties, And teach you what to do. } Then come, Oh come, yes, come, come, come, You're not too y

You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm,
Chorus.—Then come, &c.

Are [illegible]
To draw us [illegible]
Chorus.—Then come, [illegible]

HAMBURG. L. M.

SLOW AND GENTLE. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Happy the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2. He loves t' employ his morning light,
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

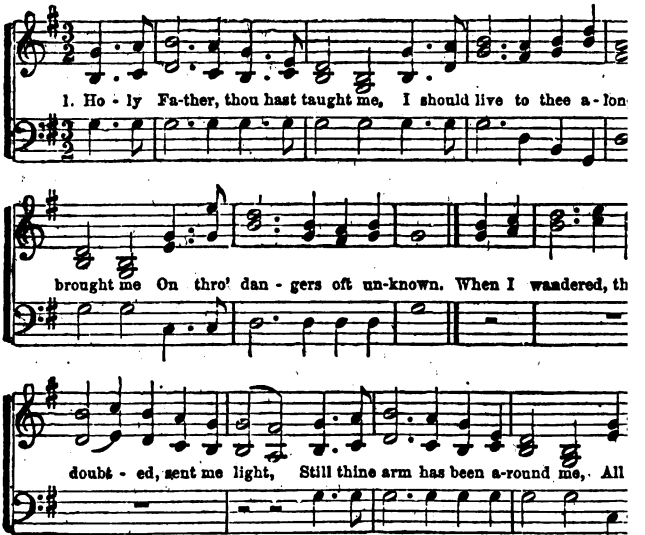
3. He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

AUTUMN.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lon

brought me On thro' dan - gers oft un-known. When I wandered, th

doubt - ed, sent me light, Still thine arm has been a-round me, All



2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing

3 I would trust in
Wholly rest u
Follow wholly t
Thou, mine o
Keep me from

WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, or LIFE'S BATTLE. *

10—*Two to the Measure.* Words by Mrs. J. W. Sampson.*

Girls. *Boys.*

1. This life is a bat - tle with Sa-tan and sin, And we are the sol - diers the victory to win;
And Christ is the Cap - tain of our lit - tle band, Whatev - er op - po - ses, for him we shall stand.

2. To God, for our ar mor, we'll fall not to go, He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;
The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend, The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.

FULL CHORUS.

We will stand for the right, We will stand for the right, We will stand, we will stand for the right.

3.

Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.
Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

4.

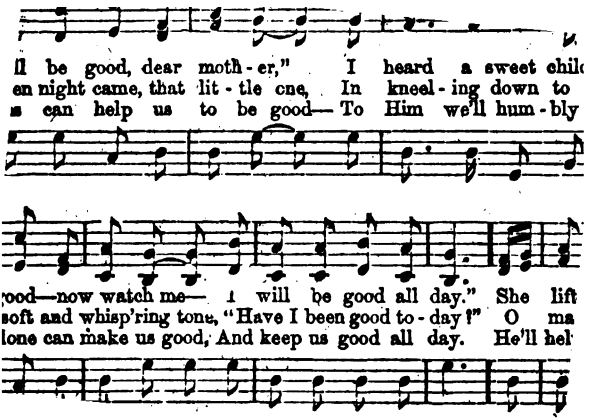
Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Jesus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.
Chorus.—We will stand, &c.

* *From "Sabbath Chimes."*

THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger, For oh! we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver, And just be-fore, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern - ing; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing— For oh! &c.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That perfect rest nought can molest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing. For oh! &c.
4. Let sorrow's rud - est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says, come, and there's our home, For ev - er, oh! for ev - er! For oh! &c.


ll be good, dear moth - er," I heard a sweet chil
en night came, that lit - tle one, In kneel - ing down to
s can help us to be good— To Him we'll hum - bly
ood—now watch me— I will be good all day." She lift
soft and whisp'ring tone, "Have I been good to - day?" O ma
lone can make us good, And keep us good all day. He'll hel

I WILL BE GOOD, DEAR MOTHER.

CHORUS.

on her lip, So pure and free from guile. "I will be go
earnest heart, "I will be good to - day." "I will be go
take de light Thro' all our earth-ly . days. "I will be go

will be good to-day, I will be good, I will be good,

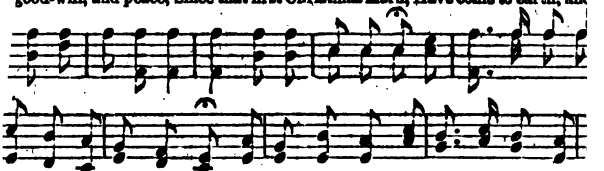
ALEXANDER. C. M.

1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the de

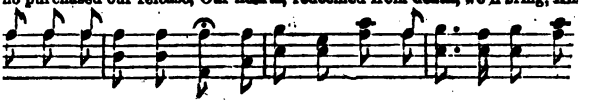
2. There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath

3. How far m
How lo
Where
The

to the sons of men On this bright Christmas morn! [illegible]
earth's sorrowing child On this calm, peaceful morn! The ho - ly, harmle
the sick and poor, "Blessed are they that mourn;" If they sub-mis-sive
good-will, and peace, Since that first Christmas morn, Have come to earth, an

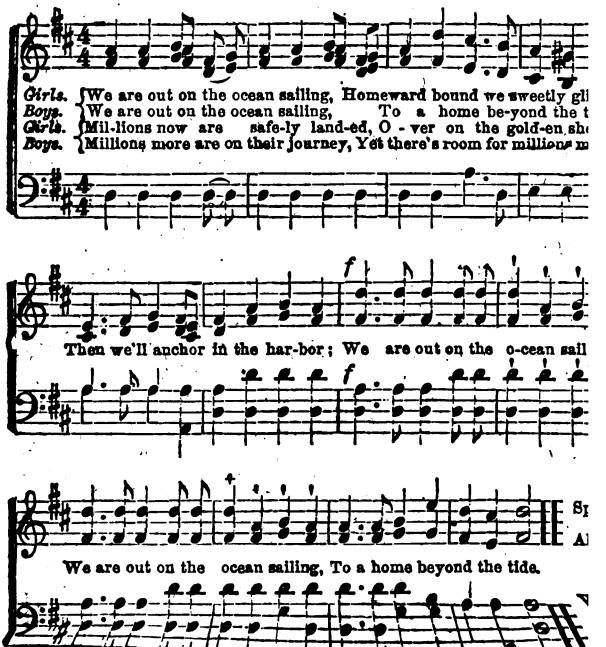


our waiting hearts, as when The shepherds heard with glad a-maze Th' an
his breast with comfort mild; The hymn that floats a - long the air Shall
his ho - ly prom - ise sure: He comes all sor - row to re - lieve, To
ho purchased our release, Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring, An



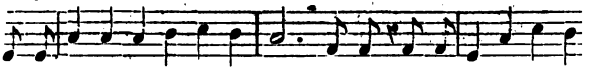
THE GOLDEN SHORE; Or, A HOME BE

Wm. J

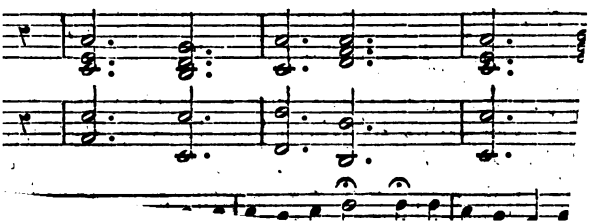


her tears, and a 'God bless you, my dear boy.' As she rec...
for you;' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and ...
falling me, I left home, (after my brothers could help mother), and went to sea. When
, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edwa
r. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"

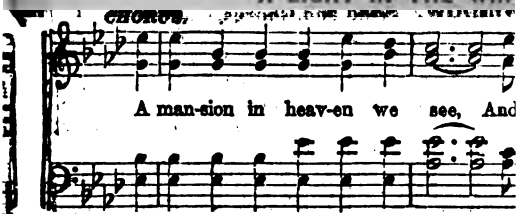
r a few voices. W

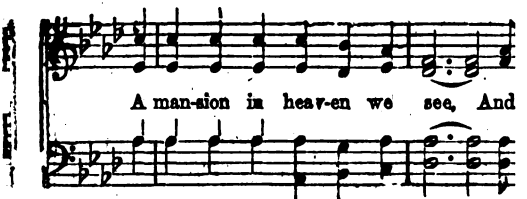


re's a light in the win-dow for thee, brother, There's a light in the win-
re's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from



CHORUS.

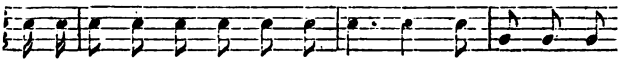


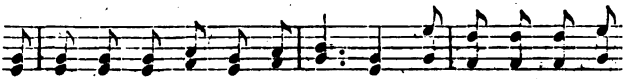


3.

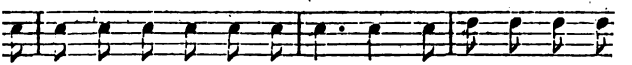
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat se-

The flowers that bloom in my path - way Breathe [illegible]
I am weaned from this land of the dy - ing; De - cay is consta
The joy - rays of life are remembered Like sleep-thoughts tha





The sun-light is bright'ning be-fore me That her - alds e - ter
They lure me no long - er to tar - ry, But welcome earth's ti
Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleet-ing— My soul has grown we
The flesh and the spi - rit are weaving, Each striv-ing the ma



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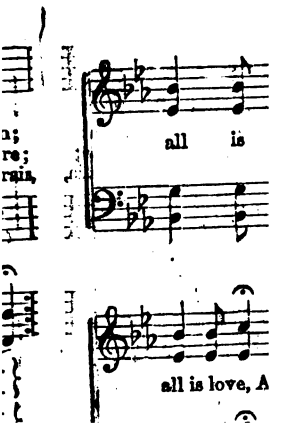
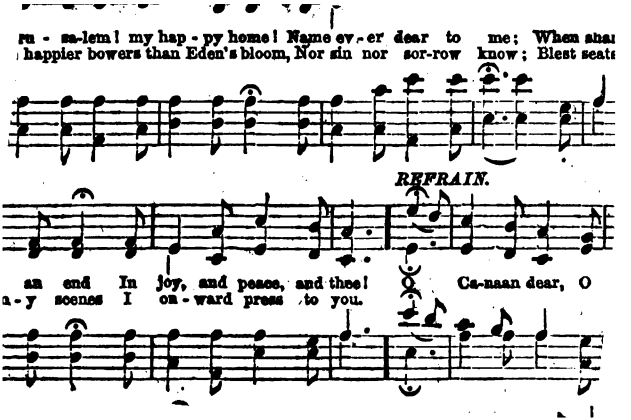
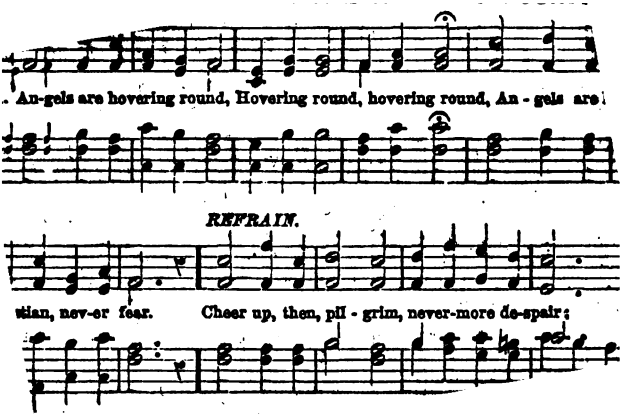
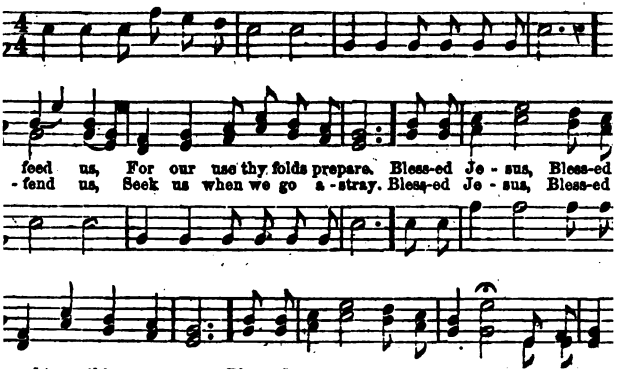



ru - sa-lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me; When shal
happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest seat
REFRAIN.
an end In joy, and peace, and thee! O Ca-naan dear, O
a - y scenes I on - ward press to you.

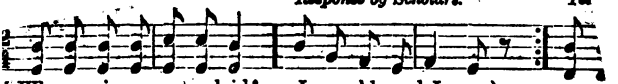

An-gels are hovering round, Hovering round, hovering round, An - gels are
REFRAIN.
tian, nev-er fear. Cheer up, then, pil - grim, never-more de-spair;

1. Sa - viour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care;
2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Ke



feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed
- fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed

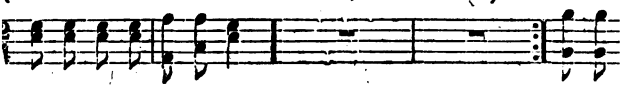
Response by Scholars. *Tu*



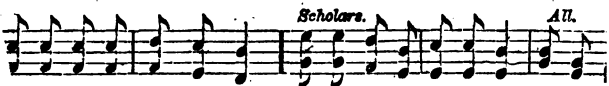
Who was in a manger laid? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
Who for money was betrayed? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
Who can hear us when we call? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.
Who the dearest friend of all? Je-sus, blessed Jesus.

Who u

Who a-l



Scholars. *All.*



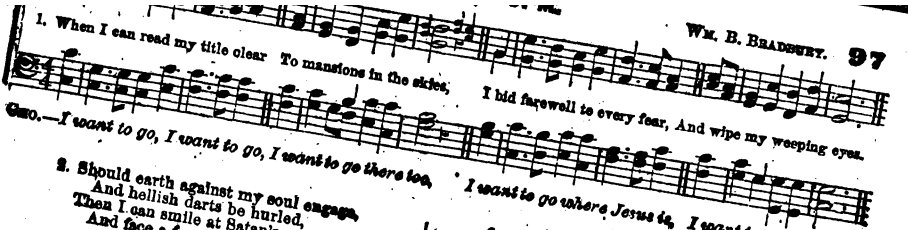
ho for us his life-blood shed? Jesus Christ, creation
n we're tossed on Jordan's flood? Jesus

a the Sabbath bell is ring-ing, Let us come with-out

CHORUS.

ou-sands sing-ing, In their Sun-day-schools to-day. Hail, hail, thi

day, Hail this day, hail this day, Hail thi



2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Chorus.—I want to go.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
Chorus.—I want to go.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Chorus.—I want to go.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

1. There is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2. Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3. One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4. Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5. Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

1. Sue Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.

2. "Permit them to approach," he cried,
Nor scorns their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3. Oh! let us then with pleasure bow,
And seek the Saviour's face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

soul on earth is doom'd to pine For rest, sweet rest; 'Tis H
is a sad and wea - ry day— It gives no rest; In c
let us trust, 'mid good and ill, The prom - ised rest, Since t

END.

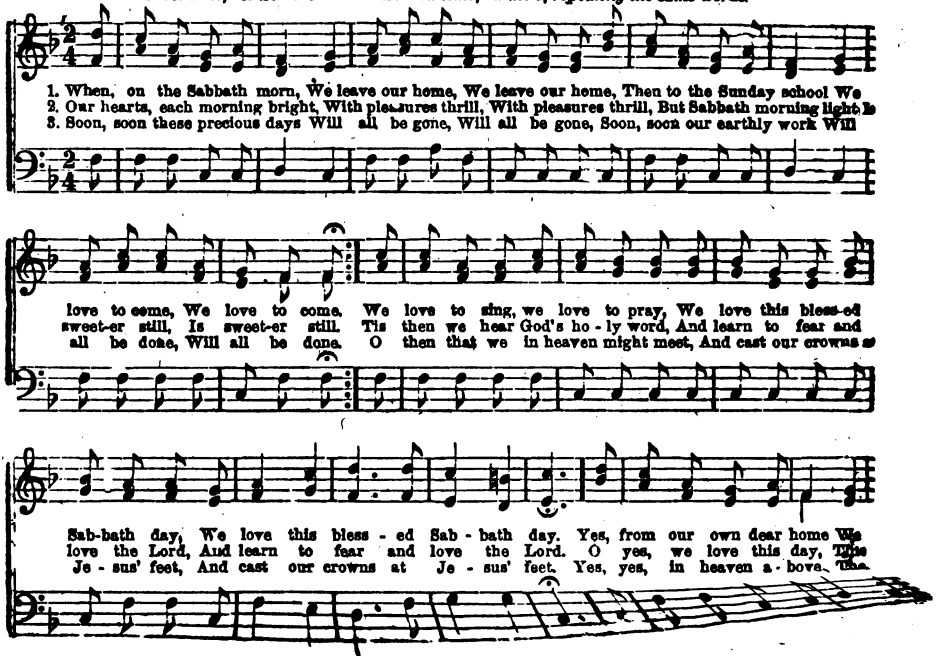
joys di - vine, Can give sweet rest. There, with bright-est
wears a - way, And brings no rest. But earth's sor - rows h
weet- en still, Our heaven - ly rest. Joy from trou - ble

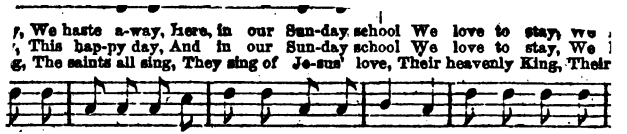
END.

WHEN, ON THE SABBATH MORN.

80.—*Two to each Measure.*

First time, 1st Semi-Chorus. Second time, 2d ditto, repeating the same words.

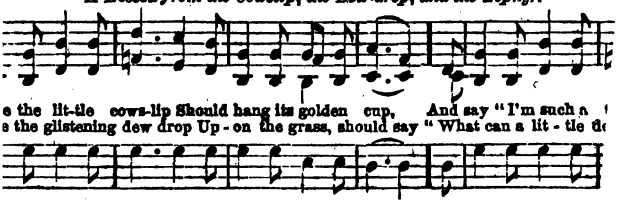


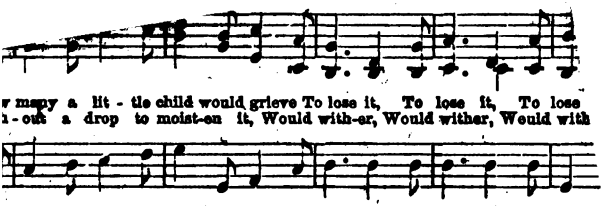

r, We haste a-way, here, in our Sun-day school We love to stay, we
, This hap-py day, And in our Sun-day school We love to stay, We
g, The saints all sing, They sing of Je-sus' love, Their heavenly King, Their

each Measure.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

A Lesson from the Cowslip, the Dew-drop, and the Zephyr.


e the lit-tle cows-lip Should hang its golden cup, And say "I'm such a
e the glistening dew drop Up - on the grass, should say "What can a lit - tle d

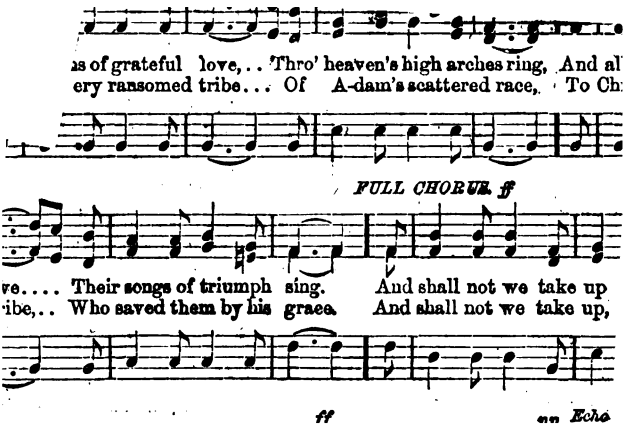


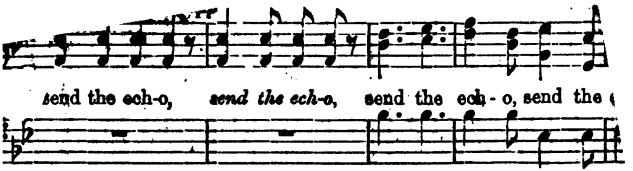
3.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
uld think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
ho would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
think they made a great mistake
In talking ever so.

4.

How many deeds o
A little child ma
Although it has so lit
And little wisdo
It wants a loving s
Much more than
How many things a a

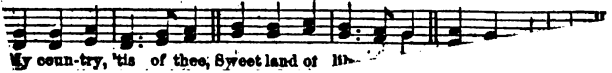

as of grateful love, . . Thro' heaven's high arches ring, And al
ery ransomed tribe . . . Of A-dam's scattered race, To Ch
FULL CHORUS. ff
ve. . . . Their songs of triumph sing. And shall not we take up
ibe, . . Who saved them by his grace. And shall not we take up,
ff
on Echo

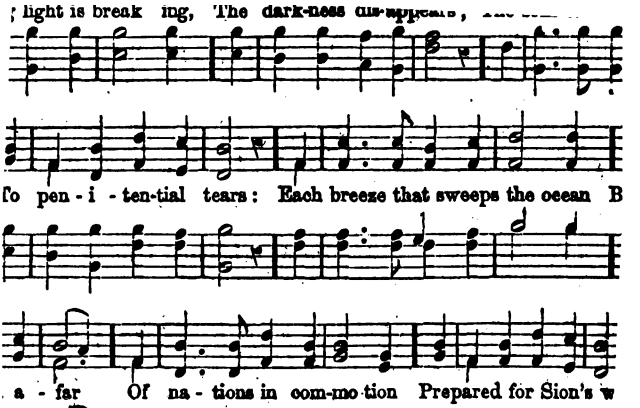


3. Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record,
That led them home to God.
Chorus. And shall not we take up, &c.

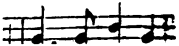
4. Then spread the
The Saviour's
And publish all
Salvation thro
Chorus. Till all the w

Maestoso. **AMERICA. National Hymn.**




; light is break ing, The dark-ness dis-appears,
To pen - i - ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean B
a - far Of na - tions in com-mo tion Prepared for Sion's w

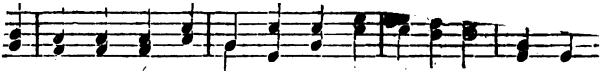
G. J. Webb



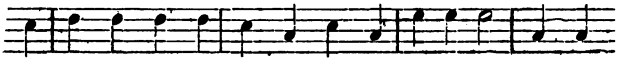
HYMNS TO THE TUNE "WEBB."

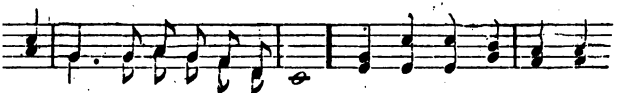
4. Blest river of salvation,

2. The evening star has lighted

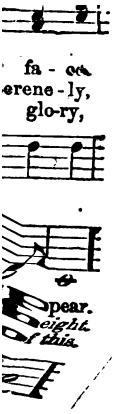


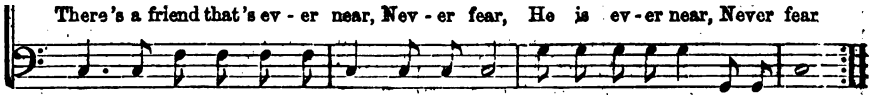
are dark with trouble, And thy heart is filled with fear, There is O
ects will seem brighter When the shadow leaves the heart, And the s
'n a brighter morning On a blessed, tranquil shore; Sighs will



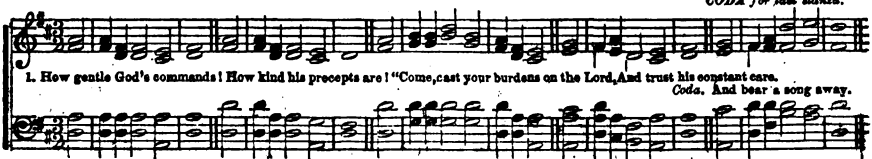


- er, And will hold thee near and dear. Cheerful hearts and smil-ing
it-er, When the gloomy clouds depart. Ma-ny days have dawned se
ging, Tears to bliss for ever-more. Thou shalt see a world of





LOTTIE. S. M.

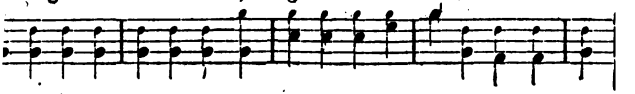


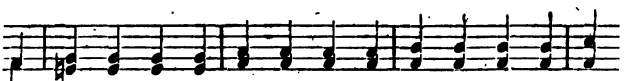
2. His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

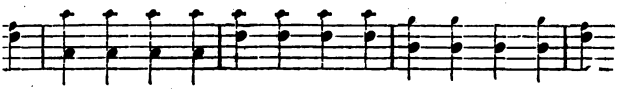
4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears, Then
ious gates are closed to sin; Nought that defiles can enter in To mar i





It knows no change and no de - cay, No night, but one un - end -
Up - on that bright, e - ter - nal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known



RUS to each Stanza.

[illegible] form, no tearful eye,
o hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
it joys which mortals may not know,
ke a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?

ar Saviour, once as mortal child,
mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
hile thousand thousands swell the strain
glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

o shall be there? The lowly here—
those who serve the Lord in fear,
e world's proud mockery dare!

Who, by the Hol
Rejoice the narro
Oh, they shall a

6. Those who have le
All earthly gain to
So that his love t
Who, gazing on the
By faith can say, "
Oh, they shall all

7. Will you be there?
If, hating sin, in Chr
Who did that plac
Still doth his voice a
I am the way—I 'll
With me, you shal

O, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?

25—*Two to each Measure.*

*May be sung as Solo, Quartette, or Semi-Chorus.**

CHORUS.†

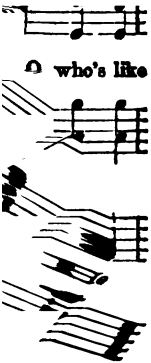
1. Who came from heaven to ran - som me? Je - sus, who died on the tree.

SOLO or QUARTET. *CHORUS.* *REFRAIN.—All.*

ff

Why did he come from heaven above? He came be-cause his name was "Love." O, who's like

Je - sus, who died on the tree, He died for you, he died for me, He

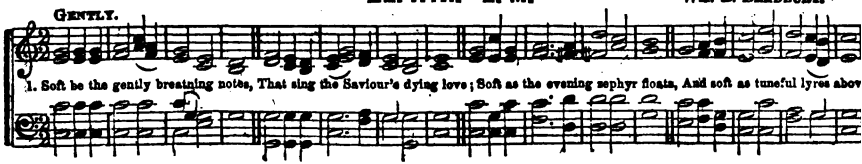


3. When he had died, what happened then?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.—*Cho.*

5. Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home;
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!—*Cho.*

ZEPHYR. L. M.

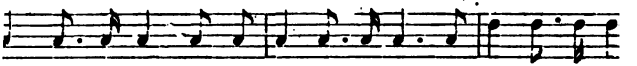
WM. B. BRADBURY.

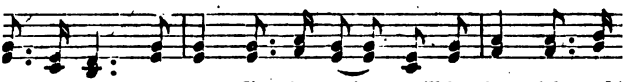


2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

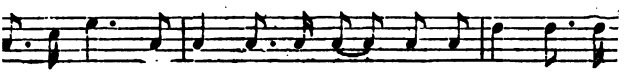
3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad,
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims his maker, God.

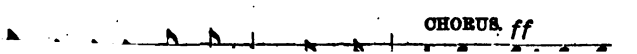
il dren are gath-'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sou
e is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wa



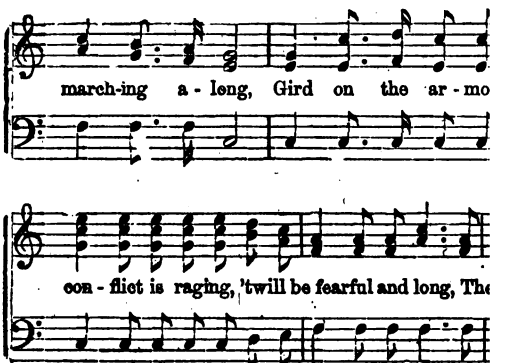


or the war, The con-flict is raging, 't will be fear-ful and
om the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ev-er our s





MARCHING ALONG.



3. We 've 'listed for life, and will
With Christ as our Captain we
The "sword of the Spirit," bot
We 'll hold in our hands as we
Chorus.—Marching along,

4. Through conflicts and trials ou
For here we contend 'gainst te
But one thing assures us, we c
If trusting our Saviour, while
Chorus.—Marching along

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

SOLO, TRIO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There's a song the an - gels sing, And its notes with rap - ture ring, Round the

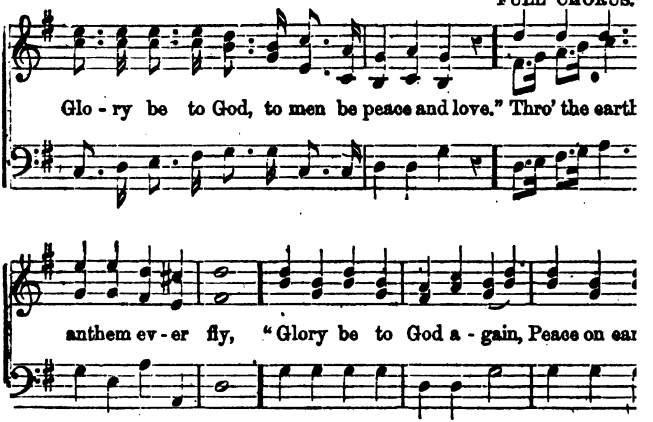
throne whose ra-diance fills the heavens above. Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching

ff CHORUS. *pp*

on Ju - de - a's plain, "Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God,

THE ANGEL'S SONG. (CONCLUDED.

FULL CHORUS.

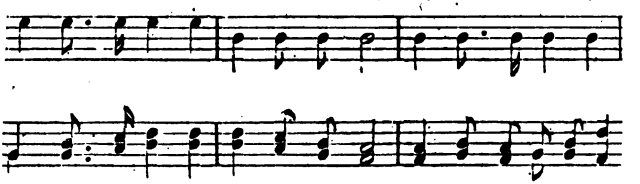


2. 'T is a song for children too;
To the Saviour 't is their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

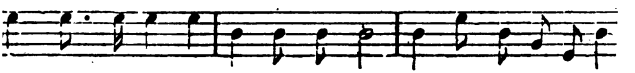
3. Soon around tl
With those ha
Striking harps to str
cease:
Mingling love
Still the choru
"Glory be to God, to
Chorus.—T

* *For a Concert, a good effect* will be produced by having a choir, out of sigh

Come, lit - tle sol - diers, join in our band, March for the kingdom, o
Hark to the voic - es, bid - ding us come! An - gels, re-joic - ing, w
Soon we shall nev - er know sor - row more, But, blest for ev - er, Go



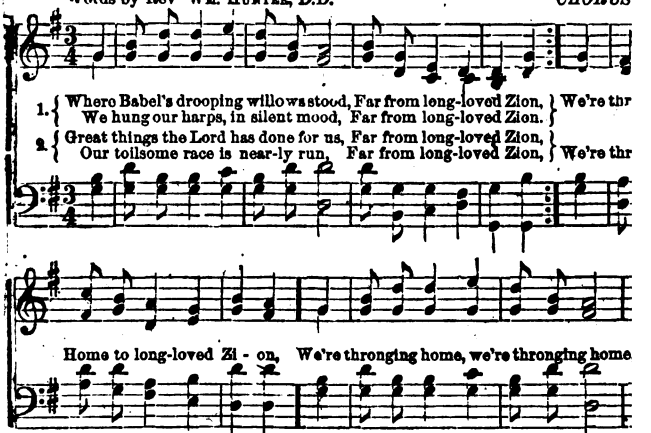
Fear - less of dan - ger, on - ward we ream, Je - sus our lead-er is,
No more shall sad - ness or sor-row op - press, Come, lit - tle pilgrim band,
Soon we shall see him in his blest home, Ev - er still praising him



LONG-LOVED ZION.

20—*One to each ♩*
Words by Rev Wm. Hunter, D.D.

CHORUS



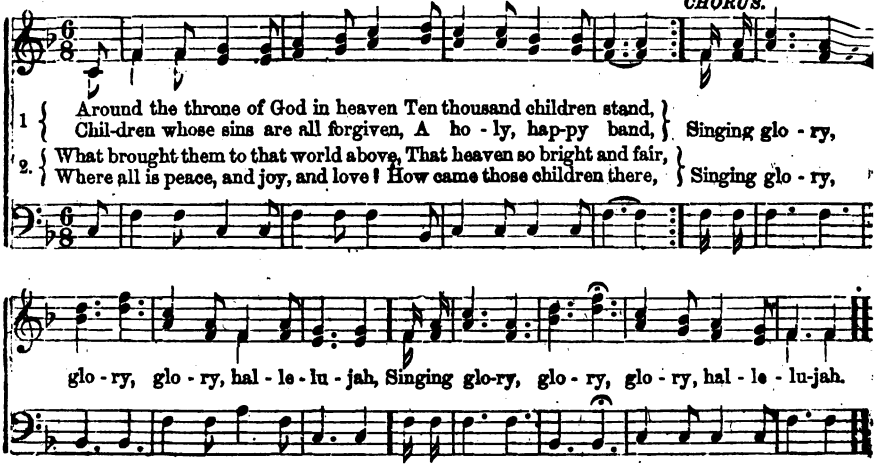
3. As streams their mighty torrents pour,
Far from long-loved Zion;
So turn our hearts to thee once more,
Home to long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

4. With faces turned for Zion's hill,
Home to long-loved Zion;
Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,

5. We soon shall r
Home in long
Our feet within
Home in long
We're th

6. Our grateful ine
Home in long
Mingled with

118 24—*Two to the Measure.* **CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.** W. B. A.



3. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Both in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing glory, &c.

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,

HYMNS TO THE TUNE "CHILDREN IN HEAVEN."

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE.

1. CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We, too, would join our infant song,
To celebrate his fame.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.
Singing glory, &c.

3. We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the Word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.
Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!

2. And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.
Singing glory, &c.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That *is the place where* we shall go,
found in wisdom's ways.
glory, &c.

4. This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.
Singing glory, &c.

5. Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.
Singing glory, &c.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

1. WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard,
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah

2. Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
To David's promised seed.
Singing glory, &c.

3. O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, &c.

4. Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts,
And this will loose our tongues;
The love that heavenly truth imparts
Will animate our songs.
Singing glory, &c.

1st.

-py home!
. nal [Omit.] rest, Oh! meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven,

rt again; Meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven, Meet me in heaven, Where we'll never part again.

h! would you be among the blest,
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet!
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

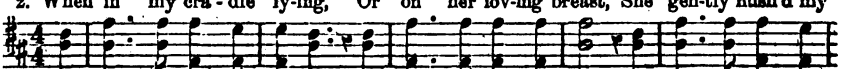
8. Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the clefted rock.
Oh! meet me in heaven, &c.

caused her. an
her I tol

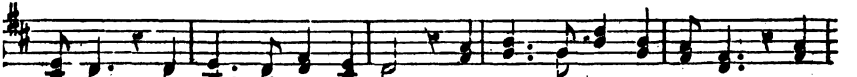
I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER.

Written and arranged for the Fourth Ward Mission, under the direction of Rev. W. C. Van Meter.

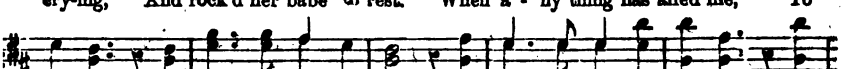
1. I ought to love my mother, She loved me long a - go, There is on earth no
2. When in my cra - dle ly-ing, Or on her lov-ing breast, She gen-tly hush'd my



oth-er That ev - er loved me so. When a weak babe much tri-al I
cry-ing, And rock'd her babe to rest. When a - ny thing has ailed me, To



caused her, and much care; For me no self - de - ni - al, Nor la - bor did she spare.
her I told my grief—Her fond love nev-er fail'd me, In find - ing some re - lief



For balance of words, see bottom of page 192.

THE SHIP IN A STORM.

Wm. B. [illegible]

1 { A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pretty sight -
It sailed a - long so pleasantly, And all was calm and bright; When, lo! a storm be -

2. { And all but One were sore a-fraid Of sink - ing in the deep,
His head was on a pil-low laid, And he was fast a-sleep; } "Mas-ter, we per-ish!

- gan to rise, The wind grew loud and strong; It blew the clouds across the skies, It
Master, save!" They cried: their Master heard; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And

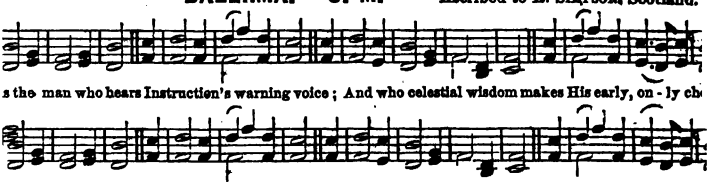
blew the waves a-long— It blew the clouds across the sky, It blew the waves a-long.
stilled them with a word; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word.

ıip, our country dear,
ıthered many a gale—
ı storm beats so severe
ıny stout hearts quail;
'ho rides above the storm
e us from all ill;
vait to hear his voice
ıding "Peace, be still!"

4. O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray,
Remove the chastening rod;
Let not our foes exulting say,
"There is no help in God."
From threat'ning storms preserve our la
Rebuke the winds and waves;
And let us, one united band,
Rejoice in God, who saves.

BALERMA. C. M.

Ascribed to R. SIMPSON, Scotland.



ı hath treasures greater far,
east and west unfold,
r rewards more precious are
all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

---

ding Stanzas to "I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER," *page* 121.

ht is that which, near me,
home a happy place,
such power to cheer me?
y mother's face.
nd is that which ever
ny young heart rejoice
ı *that tire* me never?

4. When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be;
Such hope as I can render
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her,
While God our lives shall

—*Two to the Measure.*

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

M GENTLENESS.

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor - row free, The
2. That beau - ti - ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The
3. In vi - sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I too be - hold, The
4. The heav - en - ly throng ar - rayed in white. In rap - ture range the plains of light; And

CHORUS.

home of the ransomed, bright, and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?
glo - ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a - way. Will you go? Will you go?
riv - er of life, the crys - tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? Will you go?
in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace. Will you go? Will you go?

May be repeated at pleasure, pp

Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land?

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. National Song.

Words by Geo. P. Morris, Esq. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury

SOLO—TENOR OR SOPRANO. *Maestoso.*

1. A song for our ban - ner! the watchword re - call Which gave the Re-pub - lic her sta - tion;
2. What God in his in - fi - nite wis - dom designed, And armed with his weapon of thun - der,

U - nit - ed we stand, di - vid - ed we fall! It.... made and preserves us a na - tion!
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined, Have the power... to con-quer or sun - der!

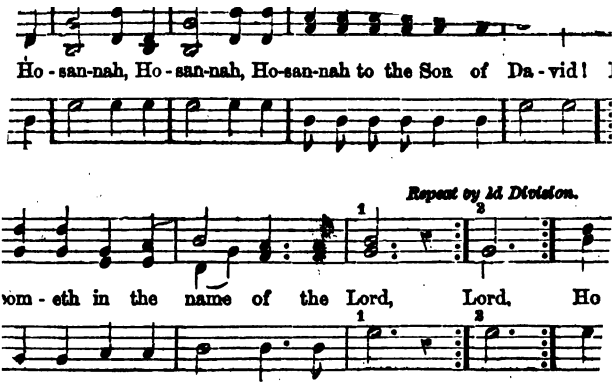
Sym. *For each verse.*

The u - nion of lakes—the u - nion of lands, The
u - nion of States none can sev - er— The u - nion of hearts—the u - nion of hands, And the

CHORUS.

m *ff* *f*

flag of our U - nion for ev - er For ev - er, for ev - er, for ev - er! The
u - nion of hearts—the u - nion of hands, And the flag of our U - nion for ev - er.


Ho - san-nah, Ho - san-nah, Ho-san-nah to the Son of Da - vid!
Repeat by 1d Division.
om - eth in the name of the Lord, Lord, Ho

To be Chanted.

And when he was come unto Jerusalem, all the ..... city was moved, saying, "Who is this?" And the multitude said,

D. C. *Chorus.*
Repeat pp

This is Je - sus, This is Je - sus, the pro-phet of Na-za-reth and Ga - li - lee.

D.C.

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. I love to steal a-while a - way From ev-ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer

2. I love, in solitude, to shed

2. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:

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The Bible.....
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The Gospel Ship.....
The Happy Home.....
The Mites.....
The Pleasant Sabbath Bells.....
The River of Life. 11s.....
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The Star-spangled Banner.....
The Sunday School. C. M.....
The Sweetest Name. C. M.....
To the Sabbath School.....
Treasures in Heaven. C. M....
Walk in the Light.....
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We'll stand for the right.....
When on the Sabbath morn.....
When the day with rosy light...
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Zion's Hill.....

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